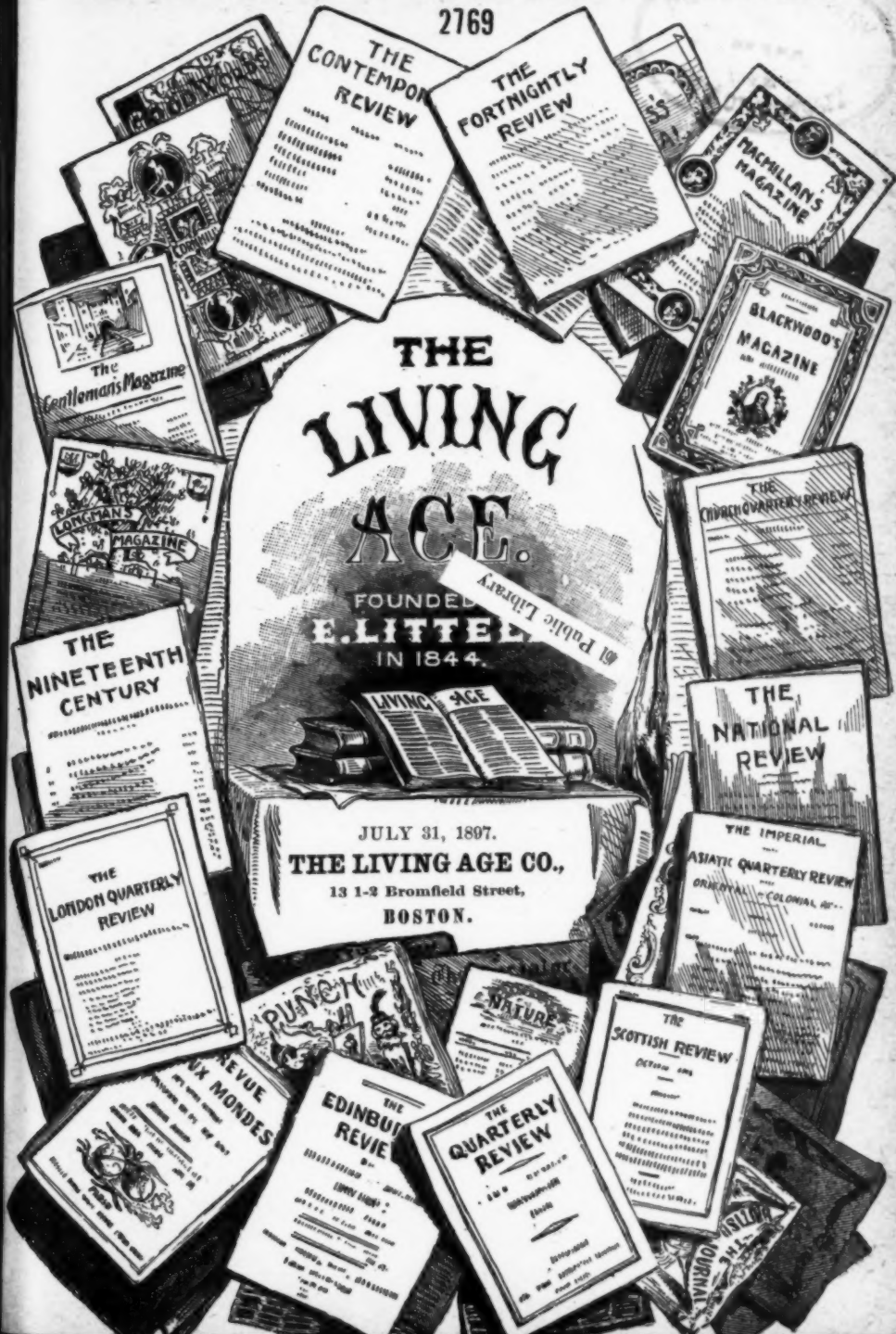


WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

2769



ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION REDUCED TO \$2.50

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Subscription \$2.50 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

The ARENA

EDITED BY
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D.

IF YOU CARE TO KNOW
WHAT THE FOREMOST
THINKERS AND REFORM-
ERS OF THE PRESENT
TIME ARE SAYING AND
DOING, READ THE ARENA

Its articles deal with ques-
tions of vital interest to
every thoughtful person

THE ARENA CO., COPLEY SQ., BOSTON

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS
SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE



THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }
Volume XV. }

No. 2769—July 31, 1897.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXIV. }

CONTENTS.

I. ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN CONCERT. By James W. Gambier, Captain R. N.,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	283
II. THE AMULET. Part II. From the Italian of Neera. Translated for The Living Age by Mrs. Maurice Perkins,		289
III. WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS. By Alice Stopford Green,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	300
IV. THE MODERN PENTATHLUM. By Horace G. Hutchinson,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	307
V. A DOUBTFUL ACQUISITION. By C. Grant Robertson,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	314
VI. THE KING OF SIAM. By B. A. Smith,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	324
VII. PEREZ GALDOS AND PEREDA IN THE SPANISH ACADEMY. By E. Gomez Baquero. Translated for The Living Age by Jean Raymond Bidwell,	<i>La Espana Moderna</i> ,	330
VIII. NEW LIGHT ON BURNS. By James Davidson,	<i>Scottish Review</i> ,	335

POETRY.

GREEN PASTURES,	282	HOME,	282
KEATS,	282		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

GREEN PASTURES.

When all thy soul with city dust is dry,
Seek some green spot where a brook tinkles by:

But, if thy lot deny thee nook and brook,
Turn to green thoughts in a fresh leafy book.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

KEATS.

Laughing thou said'st, 'Twere hell for thee to fail

In thy vast purpose, in thy brave design,
Ere thy young cheek, with passion's venom'd wine

Flushed and grew pale, ah me! flushed and grew pale!

Where is thy music now? In hearts that pine

O'erburdened, for the clamorous world too frail,

Yet love the charmed dusk, the nightingale,

Not for her sweet sake only, but for thine.
Thy name is writ in water, ay, 'tis writ

As when the moon, a chill and friendless thing,

Passes and writes her will upon the tide,

And piles the ocean in a moving ring:
And every stagnant bay is brimmed with it,

Each mast-fringed port, each estuary wide.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

HOME.

(From the Gaelic.)

Here is the shore, and the far wide world's before me,

And the sea says "Come!" but I would not part from you;

Of gold nor fame would I take for the scent of larches

That hangs around you in the rain or dew.

Place of my clansmen, place of the old brave stories,

Good hearts, stout hearts, keen swords, and their manly glories!

Some will be singing their love for beautiful maidens,

The peck that is white like milk, and the deep dark eye;

Maids age and alter (my grief!) but love—my own place,

You show no difference as the years go by.

If I were a roamer returning across you sea

After long years, you would still have the heart for me.

I have my friends on the heathy and myrtled hill-side,

In the crowded glens, too, or skiffs so swift and bold,

Chasing the red deer far, or mounting the long wave,

Or (the sweet ones!) singing at dusk in the turfy fold;

They have not gear nor land, maybe, nor the scholar's lore,

But sure there's the welcome for me at the poorest door!

I might be namely, they say, and I might find fortune

Could I but leave you awhile and go away,

But what was my gaining, an exile afar from Aora,

Where the fish in the brown linn's plout, where the wild ducks play,

If the night crept deep and warm, and I astray,

Would my heart not yearn for the bird-pipe on the spray?

'Tis ill to say it, for it's only a foolish softness,

But standing at morning alone on Dunchuach high,

To see all my dear place spread widely around and below me,

Brings the tear that stings to the loving and greedy eye.

The glen and the corrie, the ben and the sounding shore

Have something that searches me in to the deepest core!

Oh! here's a cup to my friends and my darling own place!

Glad am I that by fortune my mother she bore me here,

It might have been far on the plains of the Saxon stranger,

With never a hill like Dunchuach or Duntorvil near.

And never a fir with its tassels to toss in the wind.

Salt Finne of the wave before, and the woody Creag Dubh behind!

Good Words.

NEIL MUNRO.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN
CONCERT.

No one who has studied the drift of public opinion in England during the last month or two can have failed to observe that the policy of non-intervention has made great strides. Like all great revolutions, whether social or political, this change has shown itself by countless eddies on the surface, which, though calm now, needs but little to lash it into fury. The signs of the time clearly show that people are beginning to think that, however wise it may have been at one time, Lord Beaconsfield's Foreign Policy is a menace to our welfare, and must lead us into an European war. There is hardly a newspaper or magazine of any weight, metropolitan or provincial—the latter especially, being in the nature of things more in touch with the true people of the country—which has not lately approached this subject in an inquiring spirit and from the standpoint of acquiescence in a change.

But the undertow which produces the swirl above is not noticeable in the press alone. In the lobby of the House of Commons, in the smoking-room, or on the terrace, expression is now frequently given to some such view; and were not a seat in Parliament in almost every case a seat on a fence, instead of these views being enunciated with bated breath they would find practical expression in a hundred and fifty methods, and would bring about a fundamental change. But naturally on such a delicate question as our foreign policy an ordinary member is no more permitted to express his opinion than a sound Catholic on miracles. Discipline is essential; and the greater interest (their seats) contains the less (the country). But even a member of Parliament is supposed in some dim way to represent the general consensus of educated and intelligent opinion of his constituency, though his *raison d'être*, even with limited suffrage, is that which is neither. A man must almost always vote on party lines without shadow of turning on questions in-

volving war or peace. No heresy is less easily forgiven than a departure from the party tradition of foreign politics, and wisely so, for a government going to war must be backed by the voting machine.

Now, at the present moment, this is essentially the case. England, since the days of Cromwell, has never been so completely in the hands of one man as she now is, for a Conservative majority is from the nature of things slavish. An individual Radical or Liberal is permitted to differ occasionally from his leader because his leader is often no better than himself socially. But no one will deny that amongst Conservative members the commanding social position of Lord Salisbury, his intensely aristocratic tendencies, and far-reaching social influence have rendered the present majority of the House mere puppets in his hands. To vote against him would be "bad form," and bad form, in a county, loses seats more surely than a breach of the Commandments up to and including the Seventh.

But there can be little doubt that if a plébiscite could be taken, Lord Salisbury's most recent and present policy abroad would be shown to be entirely out of harmony with the general opinion of the country. Naturally this statement will be challenged; but any one who moves in the classes and masses, in contact with Society (big S) and society (small s): amongst commercials, naval and military men; or a traveller and reader of foreign newspapers and reviews, being honestly in search of the truth, unshackled by party opinion of any kind, and merely anxious to discover *bona fide* opinion as distinct from the manufactured article of the paid political agent, will find but two opinions: the first and by far the largest, that the country would not follow Lord Salisbury's policy to its logical conclusion—namely, to support the Turk against all comers, and Russia in particular; and the second that Lord Salisbury himself has no intention of doing so.

Now, this is an important point for the country. Should we go to war for

the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, or for the "Federation of Europe?" But both these pernicious, effete, and misleading phrases are constantly thrust into the forefront as embodying the line of policy abroad to which England would adhere.

Therefore it seems clear that Lord Salisbury is out of touch with the feeling of the country, and that, with the exception of a few fanatics, no honest man on either side of the House of Commons, or in the whole body of lords temporal and spiritual, thinks him to be so.

This being the case, let us consider for a moment what this insincerity involves. In the front rank is that general disquiet of the civilized world which must attend the uncertainty of the action of its most powerful member. No stability is possible as long as it is doubtful how England will act. The constant theme of every foreign newspaper, and the one great fact which renders speculation impossible and prostrates every effort towards a settlement, is uncertain England. Of every other country in Europe it can be almost accurately predicated what her policy would be in certain eventualities, but of England it is precisely the reverse. Every one knows and sees plainly that if Russia and Germany were at war, France would endeavor to recover the provinces she originally stole and lost again. If Russia attacked Turkey, Austria would seize Salonica, France Syria, Italy Tripoli, and so forth. In fact, in almost any possible combination or complication we know how things would go with the European powers; but as to England, it would be futile now to say what we should do. For what we seem to indicate we should do we certainly should not. It is mere diplomatic duplicity, which takes no one in. And what possible benefit do we derive from it? What was the meaning of our trumpery military display in Crete?—a mere handful of soldiers whom even Greece could have swept into the sea, let alone the Ottoman army. Why are our fleets rushing

about at enormous expense, to maintain an "integrity" which we have no intention to maintain? Is the country ignorant of the fact that, with all this fluster and bluster, the Russian ambassador in Constantinople was all the time quietly preparing to knock this precious integrity to pieces without even referring the matter to us? Is Merv forgotten? Is the whole history of Central Asia relegated to Jupiter? No nation ever gained anything by leaving matters to drift. Drifting means hurrying suddenly into war. Slow-travelling diplomacy may, to give the devil his due, avert minor wars; but it is one of the few true lessons that history teaches that all wars of the first magnitude have been brought about by national impulses—or a sudden awakening.

The fundamental mistake in our foreign policy of the present is that we are not studying our own interests. It must be evident to demonstration that the whole business of Crete and Greece has been, in the first place, costly; in the second, useless to England. Are we embarking in fresh responsibilities? Are we saddling ourselves with some such undertaking as the wretched Cyprus affair, repudiated in the hour of Armenia's necessity with a speciousness of argument which all Europe has stigmatized as chicanery? Are we again playing fast and loose with the honor of the empire, and have the men who sit in our legislative councils the faintest glimmering of what British honor and good faith now mean from Calais to the Corea, from Archangel to Athens? Nothing an Englishman can say abroad is ever taken seriously. *There is no faith in us anywhere.* Foreigners stigmatize us as the most immoral nation in the world as regards political pledges. Even an Italian feels he is leaning on a reed, whilst as to a Turk, he knows that it is actually a sword.

Now, this is an unwholesome state of

¹ There are one hundred thousand Russian troops kept in readiness at this moment to disembark on any point in the Black Sea; in addition to ninety thousand on the Armenian frontier.

affairs—as unwholesome for a nation as it would be for an individual. We have no intention of keeping our word or of following up what we are now doing. As usual, we are waiting to see which way the cat will jump. We do not intend to put a farthing on tea, spirits, or tobacco, or to raise what is euphemistically called the income tax, but is the real war tax, to rescue one single Armenian from being butchered or his wife and daughter from violation. We have begun to hedge as usual by saying that after all he is only reaping the reward of his own misdoings. We are very philosophical over it, and are content to have our indignation done vicariously in Exeter Hall by gentlemen whom we think fools for taking so much trouble about it, or by others paid for the job.

Of course the complicated race movements which are working out the remodelling of the world are altogether unintelligible to the English people collectively, and it is not to be expected that they should grasp the meaning of the Slav Question, of the *rapprochement* between Russia and Austria; why the former, who wants to devour him bones and all, is so friendly just now with the Turk; why Austria is only a half-hearted partner in the Triple Alliance through the danger of Magyar unrest or the senseless ambition of the Prince of Bulgaria. Macedonia may be in Africa for all they know; the Berats may be something to eat, Yildiz Klosk a dancing saloon; but the British people can, and do, gather in a broad sense that things are going wrong, that somehow or other we seem to say we shall fight for the Turk; that we are muddling and meddling everywhere; that the naval and military resources of the country are used for no possible advantage to the empire; that no one trusts us; that even our cousins across the water hate us, more or less; and that there is not a nation in the world who would not be glad to see us reduced to the state of Holland.

This, perhaps, is the most pitiable part of the whole affair, and only further illustrates the fact that the

comic seems inseparable from the tragic. The unfortunate "Hundred" who have since been covered with ridicule for their manifesto to Greece, were in reality only acting on this supposition. They were "too previous," that was all. Had the tide of war rolled the other way, or war itself been averted, they would have shone forth as models of prescience. Some of them doubtless had an inkling of what was in the wind—or rather what ought to have been; but they reckoned without their host. For at that particular conjunction of affairs Lord Salisbury, acting on his own initiative as regards the Cabinet, made an historic blunder—a blunder still too near us for its enormity to be fully understood, but destined to bear bitter fruit. And as it is a matter of history, it can no longer be considered unpatriotic to describe it.

Before the actual outbreak of hostilities between Turkey and Greece overtures were made to Lord Salisbury, semi-officially, by Russia, which by the light of accomplished facts it is clear would have not only averted the war between the Greeks and Turks but would have practically solved the Cretan question. But from the moment that this well-conceived plan was rejected by Lord Salisbury England lost her influence in the councils of Europe, which up to that time had been gaining ground rapidly, in view of the magnificent display of naval strength we were exhibiting in the Mediterranean. But it was soon patent to Europe that it was not within the ability or courage of our prime minister to utilize England's sea power to enforce any policy of any kind. He could not rise to the occasion, and stood stripped at once of the mantle of England's great minister, Lord Beaconsfield, which by a mere chance had fallen on him. It is true that through one of those extraordinary intrigues which are always rife in Constantinople the French ambassador was let into the secret, but M. Hanotaux, on Russia's request, agreed to a "benevolent neutrality" in the matter. Thus

England was practically left a free hand without the least risk of European interference. And the plan proposed was very simple; namely, that England and Russia, the *two powers able to enforce their will*, were to notify to Turkey and Greece that they would not be permitted to declare war or begin hostilities. To enforce this the British fleet was to go to Salonica; a Russian and British fleet were to threaten the Piræus and Patras with an effective blockade; a strict blockade as regards troops and matériel of war was to be enforced on Crete until Greece had settled the terms of purchase of the island from Turkey—which has all along been one of the most obvious solutions. The details of this scheme comprised an international guarantee for the loan to Greece for this sum (which was at one time placed as low as £500,000), and the revenues of Crete were to be administered by a mixed commission. Had Beaconsfield or Palmerston been alive there can be no doubt this plan would have been adopted, and all the misery and bloodshed and the tenfold complications which have followed would have been averted. Such strength as this is impossible except to a first-class statesman; and although for a brief time Lord Salisbury was really the arbiter of the fate of Europe, if not of the world, he could not rise to it. For a very little reflection will show that England was at that moment the only *practically* disinterested power; disinterested in the sense that she was invulnerable at sea, and that the fate of the Ottoman Empire did not concern her. Her independent action would certainly not have led to a European war, nay, might have staved it off, if war is to come. But, putting aside the natural timidity of his character, what made Lord Salisbury hesitate? It was the old inherited curse of our policy—fear of Russian aggression in the East of Europe. It was whispered to him by certain fanatics who had gone out and had busied themselves in the East that Russia would make the excuse of the necessity to draw off the attention

of the Turks from Thessaly to mass troops on the Armenian frontier. And no doubt Russia would have done so—as she is now doing, “without our leave or by our leave.”

At Yildiz Kiosk when this scheme became known the sultan was thrown into a state of mind bordering on insanity. Always frightened even of his own shadow, he trembled at the idea of signing the imperial rescript to mobilize the Redifs. His terror that England would act became so great that the Shiek-ul-Islam was preparing to denounce him as unworthy to be the khalif. But that aged but astute old person the grand vizier, backed up by the secret intrigues of Germany, literally staked his own head that England would do nothing. The intimate personal knowledge this old man had of Lord Salisbury convinced him that anything but talk about the concert or the Federation of Europe was all that Turkey need fear from England. He had no fear as to the result of actual war, and predicted that Greece would be annihilated. How nearly right he was is now evident.

Then came Lord Salisbury's hurried visits to France—those mysterious interviews with M. Hanotaux, who, it is believed, was willing to drop into the arrangement, especially as it checkmated the German policy. But unfortunately the great courtier's journey extended to Nice, and there the paralyzing influence of the German dynasty made itself felt. For her Majesty (as is only reasonable at her advanced age) dreaded the risk of a great war. She no longer had Beaconsfield's character to trust to as when her fleet had sailed up the Dardanelles in 1878, facing a tenfold greater danger. Further, she made her firm determination known to hold no jubilee commemoration if the peace of Europe was seriously broken. So his lordship returned to England, and from that moment it is beyond historic contradiction his country ceased to be the paramount power in the crisis, whilst one after the other—first for an effective blockade; then for a conference in

Paris; then for a Prince of Battenberg to be governor of Crete—all his proposals were set aside, even if they were discussed.

Then German influence became dominant, with the only natural result that blood has flowed like water and thousands of poor wretches are houseless and ruined who had no concern in the matter. For when England backed out of it, William the Vain stepped in, bearded our sea power with his trumpet cockboats, and hurled the Ottoman army against the Greek nation to make sport for his German generals, and, possibly, to give warning to France that the skill which had crushed her was by no means extinct. Now all this would have been impossible had a single British torpedo-boat been moored in Salonica. But she would not have been really *moored*. She would have been at single anchor with a slip on her cable and secret instructions up the sleeve of her commander.

Now, why should these things be? It is because Lord Salisbury is the exponent of the old policy, and a more feeble but autocratic influence has never been exerted over the Foreign Office. This arises from the inherent weakness of a Unionist Cabinet. Such a Cabinet must of necessity consist of two classes of ministers—those who are too strong to be kept out and who naturally belong to the "other" party, and those who can be counted on to assert no opinions of their own, selected by pure nepotism (in the restricted sense) or by back-stair influence. It is an open secret that Lord Salisbury never condescends to discuss foreign politics with his Cabinet until he has made up his own mind and acted on it. The only person he would listen to is Mr. Chamberlain—not from choice, but from the nature of things. But Mr. Chamberlain has bargained for a free hand with the colonies, and in consideration never meddles with European politics. As to Lord Salisbury's nephew, it is hardly necessary to say that whatever authority he once had in the Cabinet has entirely vanished with the experience now gained that he is

only a *dilettante* leader of men.¹ When the present prime minister's shadow grows less, or betakes itself to the dignified repose of immemorial Hatfield, the Conservative party will be as much adrift for a leader as is the Liberal now. There is not one Conservative member of the Cabinet who has a commanding influence over the others, or any distinct following in the House or country. And thus it is that Lord Salisbury's personal views are of such overwhelming importance, not only for his country but for Europe in general. With his removal opinion would oscillate violently; its control would drop from the nerveless grasp of a hand that could waste months if not years in penning such a work as the "Foundations of Belief," or from the mind that could not rule the House of Commons with the biggest majority that House has ever known within its walls. But, perhaps, the main danger in this matter lurks in the fact that the opposition are equally feeble, equally unwilling or unable, to form a foreign policy. Neither Lord Kimberley nor Sir William Harcourt have had the manliness to state what they would do were they in power. It is the old story. They shelter themselves behind the pitiful excuse that they are not called on to supply a policy; that we must wait to see what they would do, whilst adroitly suggesting that they would do wonders. But this is the old confidence trick again—political thimble-rigging—the same dull shroud with useless bones showing underneath, the same sound and fury covering a world of drivel.

But the remedy for this state of affairs is in the hands of the people, and the salvation of the empire would be that at the next election a distinctly national party should arise, national in the sense of England for the British Empire, England for India, Canada, South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand—some four hundred million people—instead of England for Abdul Hamid the assassin, for En-

¹ It would be more just to say *dilettervole*, for the country owes much to his delightful culture.

gland dancing attendance on Messieurs Nelidoff and Cambon at Constantinople, equipping Flying Squadrons if Monsieur Hanotaux appears angry over Egypt or if Mr. Olney plucks her by the beard. Then perhaps the infatuated folly of trying to be every one's friend at once; the hopelessness of our attitude on the Eastern question, bewildering alike to ourselves and every one else; the waste of our fighting force, split into innumerable small parties, may dawn on the mind of some thoroughgoing Englishman who may by accident also be a statesman. The time is not far distant when our Foreign Policy will become the paramount question of the day. It is not right—nay, it is ridiculous—that the direction of what involves the lives of millions and the treasure of the empire should be confided to a cell in an admittedly weak man's brain who, but for the accident of birth, would surely have remained obscure. Let other nations groan under an autocracy if they like. Let William II. issue Imperial edicts—for he can do it—with the bayonet; let the person who happens to be *pro tem*, the "adviser" of the czar march battalions over half the globe. But surely we in England should not be dumb before a policy which is nothing if not shift and perilous.

And let us turn for a moment to a concrete aspect of the matter. Do we ever reflect how completely between the devil and the deep sea is our position in Egypt? If we go to war with Russia to keep her out of Constantinople, we must garrison Egypt to prevent the French trying to turn us out. That means at least sixty or seventy thousand British troops, unless we detach a British fleet sufficient to crush the combined French and Russian fleets in the Mediterranean. If Russia attacks the Turk and we do not help him, but try to retain our hold on Egypt, we must send an army sufficient to destroy the not inconsiderable Egyptian Army which we ourselves have created with so much care and with such conspicuous success. In the latter eventuality very many high au-

thorities consider a Mahomedan outbreak in India not impossible. Anyhow it is an open question.

But what is not an open question is that a permanently friendly Russia as our neighbor in Asia would render this matter of far less importance, whilst a hostile Russia must mean an increase of our Indian garrison by another sixty or seventy thousand men.¹ But it is quite unnecessary to pile up the sum of the responsibilities of the British Empire; Ireland with thirty thousand troops for garrison during profound peace, Malta, Gibraltar, all our colonies, and all our coaling stations, every one insufficiently protected. Are all the military members of the House of Commons wrong in saying how miserably inadequate is our army? All this is within the reasoning power of any one, and is the common knowledge of every one responsible. But we are told that were England to withdraw from the concert the whole thing would go out of tune. That is the business of those who elect to remain in it. It cannot matter to us if they smash all their instruments, *nor can we prevent them doing so* if they are so inclined. If the German Jews-harp gets down the throat of the French horn, or the Russian trombone breaks the back of the Austrian fiddle, it is their affair, and there is no special indication vouchsafed us that it is our duty to interfere. No one but a fool mixes in a street row, and certainly no Englishman of sense would risk his money, much less his skin, to keep Abdul Hamid on his throne. The cacophony of the concert is chiefly because England is always out of tune, always playing an air of her own. The position of the other powers is too serious and the consequences too tremendous to allow of any such vagaries on their part. Europe would get on perfectly well without us, precisely as it does without American interference, but the vanity and ambition of our public men keep us within this network of difficulties.

¹ A recent military memorandum puts it at one hundred and seventy thousand.

If the other powers determined to dismember Turkey it would be the best thing that could be done for England. And nothing that Turkey or England could do would prevent it.

Some short time back the copy of a State paper which had been drawn up for the guidance of the sultan on the question as to how the Ottoman Empire could be split up by the powers if England withdrew from the concert passed through a certain embassy in Constantinople. And this was the opinion of his Majesty's naval and military (European) advisers. They conclusively demonstrated that nothing could be simpler, for Turkey being without sea power, it became merely a question of blockade—of a Russian fleet at the mouth of the Bosphorus, a French fleet at the Dardanelles, Austria at Salonica, and any other power at Alexandretta, Smyrna, Beyrout, and so forth. No Turkish army could save the Ottoman Empire from starvation, and it would be useless to take the offensive either in Armenia against the Russians or in the Balkan Peninsula against the allied Balkan states backed by Austria and Roumania. Thus the Ottoman Empire would crumble away. The sultan would have to retire to Bagdad, and his disbanded army to the plough, whilst the civilian part of the nation would rejoice, being now under safe protection from the rapacity of the tax-collecting Vall and his myrmidons. All the Turkish nation asks is to be left in peace and not robbed, and that his religion be not insulted. Ten miles beyond the walls of Constantinople the ordinary Turk knows nothing about the Young Turk party or the Softas.

The only thing that prevents the accomplishment of this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is the uncertainty of England's attitude, and that old childish fear of Russia; the gruel on which the Salisbury school was brought up—"Peace with Honor."

JAMES W. GAMBIE,
Captain R.N.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF NEERA.
THE AMULET.¹

Translated for THE LIVING AGE by Mrs. Maurice Perkins.

PART II.

My cousin did not come back soon, but he sent me a parcel of books, with these words, "I send you the thoughts that I love." There was nothing more in the note, but nevertheless it seemed to me very full. I found in it his imperious resonant voice, his troubling glance, his unhackneyed soul. There was not an amiable word in that simple line, not an affectionate accent, but the suggestions in it were delightful; at least they seemed so to me. I reflected that elevated ideas were what he loved best in the world; in communicating them to me, so humble and obscure, he gave me the greatest proof of sympathy I had ever received. I understood better than ever the emptiness of superficial compliments, and I felt a little ashamed that I had ever been pleased with them.

How had I been able to live until now on nothing, like a butterfly? Henceforth the world seemed to me full of ideas, of beauty I had not dreamed of, or austere and noble joys, and even of smiles intense, more subtle and more penetratingly sweet than those which I had known. What had foretold the Aprils of my life except the coming of the flowers? Now this new April was bringing me a treasure of spiritual riches.

I immediately began to read my cousin's books, at first with some difficulty, but soon with astonishment, that I was able to understand and even enjoy subjects that formerly would have been tiresome and uninteresting. There were pages of poets, of thinkers, of ardent elevated souls. There were—strange to say—revelations of ideas which had formerly flashed through my mind, rays that appeared and disappeared, like the light of stars seen in some far-off heaven to which one never can attain. Now, they were friends,

¹ Copyrighted by The Living Age Company.

new and faithful friends. They stood at my side making me sometimes smile and sometimes think, urging me forward, always exciting me with the delicious sensation of sap rising in the branches, fruitful and abundant.

Very early in the season, as he had predicted, all the roses in my garden were open. The pageant of color and fragrance was superb. Alexis and I could not stay in the house. Ursula, who had the rheumatism, gave me many admonitions, but I had no longer a blind faith in her wisdom, and when the voice of Spring called me, I hastened out of doors.

Alexis was as happy as I. Rolling about on the ground he seemed to be one with the throbbing heart of the earth, with the little lives of the caterpillars and the flies, with the growing grass and the kitten that raced and tumbled with him, and resting for a moment in the scanty shade of the rose trees, he lifted up his childish voice in his morning hymn:—

I rise with the sun. . .

in which I joined with such ardor that Ursula feared I would hurt my throat.

One morning in the latter part of April, my cousin surprised me on my knees in the midst of a flower bed, with a white apron on and my hands protected by a pair of old gloves. I was stripping the rose bushes of the caterpillars which threatened to destroy them. I turned very red at the sight of him, and springing up quickly apologized for the vulgar nature of my occupation.

"It is not such a very vulgar occupation," he answered in a spirit of contradiction, "It is much better than talking when one has nothing to say."

"You think this heap of insects crawling over each other is ideal then?" and I dropped the old knife with which I had been slaughtering caterpillars with much disgust.

"Every action is ideal, that has an ideal motive. Which do you think has the best right to live, the rose or the caterpillar?"

I reflected a moment, took off my muddy gloves, and answered:—

"Both of them."

"Then why do you kill the caterpillars?"

"Because they kill my roses."

"What of that? Ah, you do well to be silent, hanging your head a little and letting a thoughtful look steal out from beneath your eyelids, but I pray you to answer this important question: Which has the best right to live?"

"I should rather that the caterpillars did not destroy my roses."

"I should rather! I should rather! That is a fine way to answer a clear question! With a vague conditional. And you pretend to be able to reason!"

I answered in a very conciliatory tone, "I know you mean that when we are about to make a choice, we should choose the best. But how am I to be sure in this case, that the rose is the best? Perhaps it is only my selfishness that makes me think so."

"See what a flood of philosophy this child pours out on me!" he exclaimed with a gladness which made me happy though I missed the reason of it, "Keep this in mind; the reason why the rose must triumph is because the rose is beauty's self."

As he said this he broke off a rose bud and for a jest, lightly struck me with it on my shoulder. I drew myself up and putting on an indignant look said, with an emphasis on every syllable, "Not even with a flower."

He understood the allusion and as the passage was from one of his own books, it served us as a bridge to another order of ideas.

Suddenly I said, though I had sworn to myself I would not:—

"Why have you been so long in returning? Is la Querciala still in disorder? Did you find a carpenter?"

"A carpenter?" he asked, as if he had just fallen from the clouds.

"Yes," said I humbly, taking fright immediately, "you asked me for one."

"Ah! and you imagine that I waste my time on such things?"

"Nevertheless, you told me that you

were very much occupied with the re-organization of la Querciaia."

"Very true, but I cannot occupy myself forever with furniture and beams and walls."

A long silence followed.

"During these days," he began, with some hesitation, "I have been thinking of poems."

I was once more, as at our first meeting, filled with embarrassment, and fearing above all things to say something stupid I said nothing. For some moments he seemed to have entirely forgotten my presence. In an abstracted manner he stripped the petals from a rose he had just picked, until the ground was strewn with them. He was so far away that I felt wounded. Then exercising the strong self-control, with which he subdued his unconventional and independent character, he returned to the conversation with an effort.

"Do you ride on horseback?"

"No, never."

"I have begun to ride again since I came back. It is a great pleasure to me, and a great rest too. Does that surprise you? I suppose it is natural, but I assure you I mean what I say; it is a rest. I went yesterday to the Campo delle Croci."

"As far as that?"

"And by the roughest road."

"Why did you do that?"

"I love what is difficult. When I reached the Leap of the Stag, I found the bridge was broken, so I leaped across."

"The Leap of the Stag?" The Leap of the Stag is the most dangerous place in our mountains; on one side a frightful precipice, on the other a dreadful abyss.

"Do you know that nobody ever did that before?"

"That is the beauty of it."

His voice was full of deep quiet enjoyment, and he spoke with the same simplicity as when he said "The rose is beauty's self." What did he mean by beauty? What mysterious meaning did this common word unfold for him? I felt that there was not a trace of boasting in his speech. Nothing that he

did or said, though there was in it a distinct note of pride, could be confounded with vulgar pride or vanity. I continued:—

"Do you despise life?"

"On the contrary, it is our greatest good, or at least it is the indispensable condition by which we arrive at it. But we ought to do everything we feel like."

"A crazy man might feel like jumping out of a window."

"Exactly. He would follow the instincts of his madness, and you must confess it would be a good thing for himself and for society. But I did not kill myself."

As I still did not look at him, unconvinced, he took the tips of my fingers very gently, saying:—

"Cousin, cousin, these are more of your old-fashioned ideas. What occupies your mind now is the thought that I might have killed myself. Impossible!" (and he smiled so confidently that I suddenly agreed with him). "And even suppose it were possible, and I had fallen into the Stag's Leap, what difference would it have made? I am alone, free. There is no one I love; there is no one who loves me, and who can know, who can guess, who would dare to say whether the intoxicating moment when I sprang over the abyss was not worth more to me than twenty, thirty years spent in building the espaliers in my garden? Do you believe that the value of existence is in its length? And suppose I had nothing more to give the world, if my soul had exhausted its force, if my ideals had been already reached, would it not be more agreeable to fall off a precipice than to die slowly of cancer or erysipelas?"

"Ah don't! You make me ill," and while he was muttering between his teeth, "That is always the way with women," I was thinking of what he had said, "that he loved nobody." These words made my heart beat faster, and I felt a strange ardor, a sort of compelling need, to fill up his haughty solitude, to force him to come down from the inaccessible kingdom of his thoughts, to mix with other men.

.

As the summer advanced we were always out of doors; either in the garden by the roses or under the acacias, or in the paths near where Alexis ran with his net in his hand chasing the butterflies.

"Did you hunt butterflies when you were a child?"

"Why not? Man is born with that instinct and butterflies and beetles and grasshoppers are his first victims."

"Not the only ones?"

"Certainly not. Is not life a continual succession of conqueror and conquered?"

So one thing followed another; we did not always have long conversations or discussions; he would throw out now and then an incisive phrase which he was conscious that I understood. And all this was like cobweb threads woven about us; as two straws caught by chance between two branches drawn together become a nest. I felt the protection of this nest and also the soft warmth of it, which at times took on a strange reality.

I saw this oftenest when he looked at me; his soul seemed to gaze through his dark serious eyes with an ardor that was like a flame. At such times I felt near some one stronger than I; at once father and brother. And this father, this brother, this wise severe master, whose high intelligence and knowledge I looked up to, was as gay as a child. He was as simple and honest as Alexis, when they ran about together, and his fresh sonorous laugh mingled with the laugh of my child. So at last life entered this old abandoned house.

How deeply I felt that the day was empty when he had gone. I felt it with a sort of keen homesickness through my whole being. A growing sense of the nothingness in which I lived and always had lived! Without father, or husband, or brother, my heart stayed itself on the love of my child, but beside this love, made up of protection and sacrifice, other emotions asserted themselves, imperiously demanding their rights. The longing after a nobler life swelled in my heart; it seemed the sole end, the only reason, for an existence which I

had heretofore wasted stupidly, and which had borne no fruit. The desire to be like him, at least in some measure, soon became the most ardent need of my soul. And all the time a subtle doubt consumed me. "What opinion has he of me? What does he think of me in comparison with all the women he must have known?" In thought, I recalled his phrases, even his words, one by one; sometimes they comforted me, sometimes they removed me to a distance, and all this gave me a painful desire to reveal myself, to let him know the treasures of admiration and tenderness of which my heart was full and which were all at the service of his ideal.

It was at this time that I received a letter from my husband. As Pietro handed it to me, he said, "To-day madame will be happy." And in fact I always had been happy when a letter came from my husband, because every time I had hoped to find in it at last, the promise of happiness. But to-day I was indifferent; I understood perfectly that my husband was a stranger, who had merely passed through my house and my heart. A novel sentiment of dignity made me blush to think how carelessly I had given myself to a man I did not know.

From this time, though my dreams of love were forever ended, I might build a happiness for myself. I could raise my affections to the highest point; I could get out of my narrow self, and know and love noble things. Was there not still a hope in that, a port in sight? And if I worked for my own improvement, would not that be of immense service to my son? I began to think of my own childhood without the shadow of a reproach, but with a certain sadness. My parents were good, they loved me, they took care of my health. When I was a baby they watched me for fear I would fall; when I was a young girl, they watched the color of my cheeks and rejoiced to see me "growing like a young apple-tree." But those dear parents, whom I would not offend by a word, did they ever think of the development of my little soul? I was as good as they were, and that satisfied their

simple consciences. I understood now that parents should do a great deal more than that, and this conviction with regard to my Alexis gave me a courage and strength that surprised me. The change, or rather the growth, of my soul went forward gradually. I remember it with joy. Every day I added a new thread to my web; all the time I was making new progress. Now an obscure point that was little by little illuminated, now a small opening that became suddenly and unexpectedly larger, now a slender thread of light that grew intense and taking to itself other threads became a great sheaf of light.

During the month of July I saw my cousin very seldom, but even in his absence, the house was full of him. By the mere fact that he had been there, he was there always. I felt him near me; I talked to him almost as if he could answer me. I amused myself fancying how he would contradict me, and the excellent answers I would make. These mental gymnastics, of which he was the one centre, occupied my idle hours, and kept me company as I went about my slight household tasks; everywhere they surrounded me with a subtle pervasive fragrance. When he came back at last, I found his thoughts preoccupied. I told him that the weather was warm, that the personality of Sita in the Hindoo Ramayana seemed to me symbolic, I asserted that the white, yellow, and the tea rose, could not compare with the crimson rose, and he did not once contradict me. From time to time he looked at me with steadfast scrutiny, and I expected every moment that he would speak, but he hardly said a word. He amused himself with a dozen little graduated Japanese boxes belonging to Alexis, opening and shutting them continually. At last I asked him if he found that plaything interesting.

"Immensely," he answered eagerly. "You cannot imagine with what rapidity one thought succeeds another in my mind. I am thinking of things of which you could never think. Of fetters of love, sad and terrible, sorrowful alter-

nations of passion and scorn, of flame and ice. It seems to me sometimes that I can see in all this, a hidden justice, a punishment that passes over from one person to another as if there were some common sin for which all must suffer. It would not be difficult to deduce from this thought a certain number of laws which it would be interesting to see put in practice. But you do not understand me?"

"Not very well, I confess."

"So I supposed. If one leaves ever so slightly the circle of ordinary ideas, women cease to understand. Nevertheless I was talking about love and according to yourselves you women have the monopoly of that."

I had never seen him so unkind; his eyes were troubled like the sky when clouds sweep over it.

"As for me," I said, "I know so little about love that I never dare to speak of it."

"Not even by intuition?"

"Are you going to philosophize some more?"

"Philosophize? No, no," he answered, throwing aside the little Japanese boxes and beginning to stride up and down the room. Presently Alexis seized upon him and dragged him out into the garden. I followed reluctantly, and disquieted, through the paths that were darkening in the twilight. I saw them go into the little acacia wood and sit down on a bench; I entered too, and sat down by my son.

It was one of those marvellously beautiful evenings that are given to us in our country to make up for the excessive heat of summer. To feel nature, to be alive was enough delight. No one cared to speak. Tranquilly we listened to the mysterious rustling in the trees which was the movement of myriads of insects and little birds. As Alexis was about to throw a pebble at a bush, our cousin cried, "Do not disturb the butterflies getting ready for bed."

Alexis, who was only seven, laughed merrily at this idea; perhaps he fancied the butterflies in long nightgowns like his own. And I laughed too, carried away by the sudden desire to be gay.

taking his hands and pressing them against my heart.

It was still very light but under the acacias the shadows deepened moment by moment; Alexis' head resting on my arm lay in the darkness, but my cousin's, on the contrary, was lit up through an opening in the branches. Motionless and white in the moonlight, it looked like the head of a statue. He had the stern profile, the deeply set eyes, and the strongly modelled chin of a self-willed man. I do not know how long a time passed in perfect silence. Alexis was asleep with both his hands in mine. A great noise of carts toiling up the neighboring hill, the trampling of horses and the cries and oaths of the carters, did not arouse him.

"Look at those people breaking their backs to get their wagons up the mountain; they will travel all night and force their horses on with oaths and abuse, just in order to carry their load from one country to another. It is their trade; they know no other; they work because they choose to, and to-morrow, when they get home, they will calculate to a penny what they have gained and go back the next day to the same work."

My cousin spoke in a very low voice without moving his head. More than ever he gave me the effect of a statue. However, as I murmured a faint yes, he continued, "And those who buy the merchandise hold themselves above the rest because, instead of struggling all night up stony hillsides, they sleep in comfortable beds with their well-filled wallets by their side."

Just then the stamping of the horses and the cries and oaths became so loud that Alexis' hands trembled in mine. Fearing that he would be terrified, I bent over him and softly kissed him on the forehead. In the mean time the carters had reached the top of the hill and were going down the other side, and all was once more silent.

"Our Lord said that all men are our brothers. Were you thinking of that?" I asked timidly.

"No," he answered gently, "I was thinking that we must all *climb the hill*."

"I understand; we all must work ac-

ording to the measure of our strength."

"You think you understand what I mean; but you do not understand yet. That is not it."

His voice became more and more gentle and sorrowful; even his profile lost something of its habitual sternness.

Never in my life have I experienced such a sentiment of humility as swept over me then. In a little faint voice I said, leaning forward across my child, "Talk to me about your ideals."

He did not answer immediately. I felt an irresistible desire to reach his soul and at the same time I feared to trouble it, as if by some awkward movement I might dissipate the shining cloud in which he dwelt. I felt that these moments were unique and solemn, that they were falling one by one into eternity, and that I was losing them. I could hardly see him.

In the darkness I made a sudden movement and my hair lightly touched him. He drew back quickly, and I rose.

Alexis suddenly awakened, cried out to me, and I pressed him in my arms, rocking him as we slowly passed out from the wood.

"Adieu," he said, as we stood on the white road bathed in the moonlight. "I will tell you some other time."

"Let me at least follow your thought far off."

"How can you? You who are so weak."

I thought I saw an incredulous smile flit across his lips, and I was wounded at it.

"You shall see, you shall see," I sobbed as he turned and went away from me, and with an infinite anguish oppressing me, I had still the strength to cry. "You shall see!"

He turned around, tall and straight in the silvery path, made a gesture of adieu and said, "We shall see!"

The next day we were in the same place at the same hour, but in a gayer mood, watching the moon uplift her sweet crescent. My cousin and I walked about the paths slowly, while Alexis amused himself taking our

small grass plat in two or three jumps.

"What do you think," said my cousin, "is the highest mission of a woman?"

"To do good?"

He noticed my hesitation and smiled encouragingly:—

"Yes, I suppose it is. But what kind of good? The money you put in the poor box every Sunday? I have seen you."

"You have seen me? When? Do you go to church?"

"See! At the very moment when we are trying to discover the true good, feminine curiosity gets the upper hand! And you would be delighted if I told you the color of your cloak, and said how well it went with the interesting pallor of your face. Is not that so?"

I answered somewhat disdainfully, "No, that is ridiculous. You always treat me as if I were a child. I will not answer you any more."

He folded his arms, saying, "Let me meditate on the consequences of such a horrible misfortune."

I do not know why this jesting speech pleased me so much. For two or three minutes my heart beat with childish delight. I went away a few steps intending to join Alexis in his race, but my cousin called me back.

"Let us talk of serious things, then, if you wish. You cannot imagine the good you women could do in bringing back faith to the heart of a sceptic."

Suddenly, as it often happened when I was in his company, I passed from joy to apprehension. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "that must be very difficult."

"Difficult, yes."

"What are men sceptical about? Perhaps I do not understand very well what you mean, but it seems very stupid. What is it they doubt?"

"Women."

"Do you think that is just?"

"Do you?"

"No I do not."

He burst out impetuously, "Why then do you think it would be so difficult to convince them?"

I did not know what to say, and he immediately continued, with an accent of deep melancholy:—

"If women only guessed the treasure hidden in the heart of a young man! The more noble and good they are, the loftier are their dreams about women. We do not see a woman, we invent her, fabricating her out of what is best in our imagination. We group about her all our noblest fancies. But then comes a moment—enough, perhaps I am wrong to talk to you about these things."

In fact I did not understand what he meant. Many times I felt as if he and I were alike, equal in heart and mind. But many other times, on the contrary, suddenly would appear between him and me, unknown barriers, obstacles would rise up, that I had never dreamed of, thoughts that I had never had, and I would be conscious of a tremendous force that I had never suspected in him, a whole world almost, where he lived, and which was closed to me.

I know that I do not succeed in making it clear, but it is hard for me to understand, myself, because all our sentiments assumed a vague indistinct character, and our talks were never finished, so that it all had the charm of those things that cannot be put into words.

As for him, I think he felt the uncertainties of doubt. Now he believed me worthy of his confidence, now he did not. Sometimes he opened to me his generous heart, and sometimes he shut himself up in a proud coldness.

But after our last fragmentary talk, we felt nearer and more united. There was, in me at least, a vague hope of harmony that grew constantly stronger, and I was happy when I saw him yield to the desire to see me every day. Also I saw with pleasure the affection he had been able to inspire in my little Alexis, and the progress the child made under his influence. Only Ursula and Pietro, with the dislike of the old to any innovations, held themselves aloof, but at last, little by little, they were reconciled. Ursula was obliged to confess that my sole kinsman represented the family well, and Pietro was satisfied if Ursula was contented and approving. So as far as I could judge, we were all happy, I, and my little world.

One Sunday as I went out of church with Alexis and Ursula, I saw my cousin in the distance coming to meet us, smiling.

"What a miracle!" I cried.

"I am obliged to do something unexpected, for if you always see me in the same place you will end by getting tired of me. Women like variety."

"I should be very much obliged if you did not so constantly compare me with other women. Am I so like them? My life is so different from theirs that I should think I would be different too. In the mean time I assure you that what I like best in this surprise is what I knew before."

"Cousin, you flatter me."

I thought I saw that in spite of these words the compliment pleased him. When he was happy his eyes shone with a peculiar light, and he pressed his lips together, as if he wished to taste in the air some fleeting sense of pleasure.

"Do you know that as I feel in the humor for asking favors, you too, might do something unexpected?"

"Indeed." My heart began to beat.

"By going a little way round, only twenty minutes would bring you to la Querciaia. It must be a long time since you have seen it, and I should be so glad to show you my improvements."

Before I could open my mouth, Alexis began to cry, "Yes, yes, let us go to la Querciaia."

"I was there two or three times in the life of your mother, but as the dear woman was an invalid, I never saw more of the house than the little salon where she always stayed."

"And the ancient hall?"

"I do not know it."

"Nor the garden?"

"No, nor the garden."

"Then you must come; Ursula, you will not mind coming with us?"

Ursula on being asked directly, thought it necessary to make excuses: she was not dressed well enough to go out with gentlefolk; she was not worthy of such an honor, and many other fine things; upon which my cousin took hold of the fringe of her shawl lightly, and remarked "That is all right, Ursula; we

are evidently of one mind, so let us be off."

I recall that everybody on this walk was perfectly happy, and that Alexis was absolutely overflowing with joy. He had only been once at la Querciaia, and he had never forgotten its thick groves full of little birds. He did not believe that he could catch them by putting salt on their tails, which made Pietro conclude that the children of this generation are too sharp.

The house, which was named from the oaks that crowded around it, was a curious assemblage of buildings dating from different periods. Stories had been raised, wings had been added by the various owners, with an absolute indifference to the style of architecture which had preceded them. But this jumble of roofs, some high, some low, with windows of every size and shape, did not pretend to belong to a palace, and thus disarmed criticism. They seemed to say, "We are rather queer, but don't blame us. That is the way we were made."

A little serving lad opened the garden gate, and a young cook put his round, white-capped head out of a window.

"Those are my servants," said my cousin, pointing them out to me.

"They are very young."

"You have a modern house with ancient servants, and I have an old castle with two cock sparrows to look after it. What was to be done? The house-keeper who took care of my mother for twenty-two years died very soon after her mistress, and I was obliged to take what I could find."

Ursula was amazed that a house without women could stand on its feet, and she went furtively about peering into all the corners with the sharp little eyes of an expert housewife. I even caught her touching the furniture with her fingers to see if there was any dust on it.

The general aspect of the interior was in perfect harmony with the façade. In order to pass from one room to another there were almost always two or three steps to go up or down, which enchanted Alexis.

My cousin did the honors with much

grace, constantly offering his hand to assist me in the difficult passages.

"I confess," he said, with a modesty which was only half sincere, "that I have not much to show you, and that I ought to beg your pardon for the falsehood which has given me the pleasure of a visit from you."

I was not used to so many compliments from him, and I understood that it was only in the character of a courteous host, that he paid them now, but I was very grateful for them, and paid them back, assuring him that his house was very interesting, and in this I did not go beyond the truth.

I experienced a deep satisfaction in passing step by step through the rooms he lived in, where he had been born and which certainly he must love. I thought the ancient hall with its unbroken gilding and faded brocade, and its walls covered with many portraits very beautiful. I recalled at this moment that the rearrangement of these pictures had been his greatest preoccupation when he first came to la Querciala, and I begged him to show me the charming great-grandmother, whose handkerchief had been carried away by the rats.

"Oh! here she is," he said, much pleased, "I have given her the place of honor; she is really the beauty of the family."

He took me gently by the arm and led me to the place where the best light would fall upon the portrait. He drew his hand away slowly, still keeping it for a moment on my arm until he had explained to me the beauties of the picture, which seemed to me enchanting. It was a lady dressed in black against a yellow background; her neck and bare arms were enveloped in a cloud of misty lace exquisitely painted and of most striking effect. Her hair was dressed high, and powdered, which hid its color, but the delicate arch of the eyebrows was black, and only less black with golden lights, were the eyes, full of haughty grace. A faint smile floated across the lips, and the attitude of the entire figure betrayed a sort of defiance which added a piquant charm to the por-

trait. The wrists of this lovely creature were of the most aristocratic delicacy; her hands were long and slender, almost transparent, and held between the fingers a tea rose.

"See, the famous lace handkerchief carried off by the rats was just there, and I mended the rent on my knees, like the celebrated monk when he painted his Madonnas. But beside that other lace, you may easily imagine I did not dare to put any of my handiwork, so I contented myself with a rose."

"Did you paint that rose?"

"Yes, I myself. Have you forgotten that roses are a tradition in our family? Our coat of arms is a rose above two crossed swords, and it was my grandfather who had all the roses planted that cover our old walls; you can see them better from the garden. I am very fond of roses. But before we leave this portrait, I want you to observe how the painter has been able to bring out the expression. A lovely profile, a pretty mouth, two handsome eyes, two round white arms, all this amounts to very little, unless behind and under all, you can discover that secret spring, the soul. The charm of this portrait is in its personality. In this little black figure we recognize an imperious and energetic will. Look at the arch intelligence of that smile. Those brown pupils have something of the falcon as well as of the dove, and reveal an exquisite and lofty womanliness. The woman who inspired such a work must have been strong and gentle. And that is why I love her. Is it not pitiful that those hands made to guide one to light, should now be slowly mouldering in the grave?"

"Could they not live again?"

I murmured these words timidly; he looked steadily down at my hands, which agitated me greatly. We went through several other rooms, until before a half closed door, my cousin said:—

"This is my room."

I caught a confused glimpse of the whiteness of a bed between two high plain bookcases. At one side there opened a sort of covered gallery where

he had collected the many souvenirs of his travels; curiosities from the Levant, works of art from Italy, objects of English manufacture, French knickknacks, Spanish weapons.

"Will you not rest here a moment?" he asked.

We sat down in wide, comfortable armchairs covered with leather, before a table heaped up with maps and drawings.

He took up an album, and asked as he opened it:—

"Should you like to see my crayon sketches?"

He spread out before me at least a hundred drawings; there was vivacity and vigor in the lines as if they had been taken from nature. Some were only blocked out, others were more finished.

"Have you been in all these places?"

I asked him, amazed and almost jealous at the sight of all these souvenirs.

"How many things you must know!"

My cousin drew my attention to the places which had interested him the most, taking me from the Bosphorus to the Thames, from Pompeii to the Trianon, from Saragossa to Nuremberg. Suddenly he said:—

"That is an old street in Paris."

"Paris?" cried Alexis running up to us, "that is where papa lives."

Ursula also, struck by the name, came to look over the back of my chair, and I heard her mutter, "I should not think that was worth leaving one's country for!"

I reddened vividly, and shaded my eyes with my hand. With infinite tact my cousin changed the subject of conversation, and the old embarrassment and sadness, which came back for a moment, was swept away in the flood of joy he knew how to spread around him. It was a deep, serene, lofty joy that knew how to rise above all human misery and dominate it. The impression of being sustained and borne along, was what made me so happy beside him. It inspired my heart with a sentiment of confidence which I found infinitely sweet; as in an indulgent master, good and kind even in his severity.

And in this house full of his personality, I was proud that he was my kinsman.

A little outside staircase hidden under a mass of roses, led to the large garden full of luxuriant shade.

"You will have to forget the well-kept alleys of your villa, before you can admire all this underbrush," said my cousin.

I did not agree with him. No other garden could have better suited the strange old house, with its black walls covered with roses growing in unchecked profusion. They rioted everywhere, of every shade and all the colors, yellow, crimson, white, growing as they chose, in strange and lovely contrasts, producing an effect of infinite grace and beauty which was out of the reach of the subtlest art; and beyond the roses, stood the great oaks, solemn and austere against the sky. I was mute with admiration, but Ursula poured out a flood of exclamations and Alexis asked ten questions in a minute. I do not know how long we should have remained lost in the delights of this visit, if the striking of a clock had not warned us of the flight of time.

"Heavens," said Ursula, "how late it is."

We bade farewell smiling, a little dreamy as if we were under some enchantment. Before we left the garden, he approached a rose tree and plucking a flower offered it to me. "This is the rose of my great-grandmother," said he.

On our return I did not see the road, for gladness. Pietro was standing a few steps from the gate, with his hand on his hip, looking to the right and the left, for never before had there been such a delay. When he saw all three of us in safety, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"What was there to be afraid of, dear Pietro? There are no more ogres."

"It is always necessary to be cautious." Pietro answered thus, because he represented the prudence and good sense of the household, and perhaps to deepen the impression of his counsel, he told Alexis at table the story of the wolf who dressed himself in a

sheep skin in order to sneak into the sheepfold.

"Pietro," I said to him, laughing, "you are a pessimist. To believe you one should doubt everybody."

"Men are wicked, madame."

"All of them?"

"All of them a little and at certain times."

I hastened to remove this sweeping assertion from Alexis' mind by assuring him that men could always be good if they wished to, though I was not really convinced of this myself! I talked, I laughed, I played with Alexis all the rest of the day. Towards evening a few drops of rain fell which prevented us from going down into the garden. Alexis ran off to the kitchen where Ursula was making some of his favorite sweetmeats, and I sat down to the piano. How long a time it was since I had played on it. My music was in the greatest disorder. I had never been a very skillful performer, because I had always cared more for singing than for playing, but I knew the scores of Scarlatti and Porpora pretty well. As I was hunting through the old music, I came across a song that I had a mind to try. I began to read it, and worked with such absorption, that I did not hear the approach of my cousin. As soon as I saw him I stopped immediately.

"Do not stop, I beg you."

"Oh! I am not worth listening to."

"I have advised you so often not to abuse modesty, which is a much depreciated virtue. I wager you have found something precious there. At least let me look at it."

"It is only an old song."

"What of that? Those old songs are often very charming," and he began to read it:—

"There comes a bitter crying
Down through the world to-day,
Sweet love away is flying,
O sweet love where away!"

"Well, where could you find anything more spontaneous than that? So fresh and childlike!"

"Out are the nuptial fires,
Hidden alas, is he,
With faith that never tires,
Seek, seek where he may be!
Perhaps he now is hidden
Beneath some winged thought,
Or in a glance unbidden,
Or silence, passion-fraught!"

"It is charming, charming!"

He drew a chair beside me, and began to pick out the notes. I helped him, enchanted with the meaning he put into his interpretation.

"You are a musician too?"

"Certainly I am. I am everything. But do you know your song is charming? Come sing it for me with your beautiful voice. It is written for a soprano."

It would have been ungracious to refuse, and I sang. He listened with that inward passion that he put into everything, keeping his eyes fixed on vacancy, though I am sure he saw a world invisible to me; I felt also that he saw me in that world, and this thought sent a fire through my veins that must have glowed in my voice. When I finished, he did not cry brava, but I saw him press his lips together in the way I knew well, and my heart swelled beneath a wave of unexpected sweetness.

But already at this moment, I know not why or how, a mysterious instinctive voice warned me. "Fly!" it said. But how could I fly, and where? Without appearing to remark my agitation, he took up the song again:—

"Perhaps he now is hidden,
Beneath some winged thought,
Or in a glance unbidden,
Or silence, passion-fraught."

These words on his lips filled me with such new agitation, that I thought I could conceal it by going to a distant seat and occupying myself with my embroidery.

The next day when he asked me to sing again, I refused, and he did not insist, but all day the song thrilled in the air so tender and insistent, with such a hidden meaning in it, that it seemed like a floating caress.

And in the following evenings, I did

not sing nor did he ask me, but the song trembled between us, warm and palpitating like something that had life.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD OF
LETTERS.

Round the cradle of every new study cluster hypotheses like the old fairy godmothers, some to leave beneficent gifts and depart, others malignantly to crowd the space with their obstinate presence and pretensions. And nowhere have the gossips been more bustling than round the still young discussion of woman's place in the world of letters. The doors lie wide open, and the subject is obscure. Scarcely more than a hundred years of enterprise, and behind that, in England at least, a general darkness. Such glimpses as we get of the mediæval woman in this country may give us the highest idea of her great capacity in affairs, her frequent erudition, her just authority; and Shakespeare confirms history in the woman that he praises—holy, wise, and fair. Radiant with intelligence she stands before us (save the one pathetic figure so strangely marked out by her name of Ophelia, the "Useful"), endowed with wit and character for every emergency, and inexhaustible in resource and skill for the conduct of any matters with which she cared to trouble herself—crowned moreover with the admirable dignity that belongs to perfect efficiency. But the mediæval woman, incessantly occupied with the very considerable affairs that in those days fell to her charge, kept silent so far as books are concerned even from good words, and it is only on rare occasions that her vigorous administration is illuminated by incidental notices, and we are allowed to see something of the pride, the fortitude, the wide-reaching capacity and ready charity that distinguishes her. From book-making she generally refrained till the middle of the last century. But with the extraor-

dinary influx of wealth at that period a new age opened for women. For the first time in English history they were able to exchange country life for the town and the court, and the wife might have brocades and jewels for London instead of practising economies at home to pay for her husband's journeys to the capital. The child of centuries of discipline and experience, mere fashion did not long hold her. With leisure and opportunity latent ambitions and modest rivalries revealed themselves, tremulous at first and gently deprecating, as wary pioneers crossed the border of the world of letters and surveyed new fields to conquer.

A century is a short span in the history of woman, and the most acute observers will be the least bold to foretell the secret counsels of Nature and Fate, and what they have in store for this new enterprise of hers. Nor is the shortness of the experiment the only difficulty we feel. For even in her literary venture woman remains essentially mysterious. It is as though some inherent diffidence, some overmastering self-distrust, had made her fear to venture out into the open unprotected and bare to attack. She covers her advance with a whole complicated machinery of arrow-proof hides and wooden shelters. Or she seeks safety in what is known in nature as protective mimicry—one recalls the touching forms of beautiful creatures that, dwelling in the arid desert, have shrouded themselves in the dull hue of the soil, or in arctic cold have taken on a snowy whiteness; of live breathing things that have made themselves after the likeness of a dead twig, and harmless beings who in their alarm have donned the gay air of predatory insects and poisonous reptiles. Over wide seas, where it is hard to say if she fears man or Nature most, woman sails under any color but her own—as though in perilous days a racing yacht hoisted the black flag of the pirate to be in fashion with the wild world.

The impression of his protective mimicry seems to deepen as we observe woman at her work. There is nothing

of the reckless enthusiast or spend-thrift about her. With a sober, straightforward, practical air she makes her entry into the literary world, all her resources counted, ranged, and ready, in her bearing a gravity as though something more than mere literature were at stake. In the serious and sustained attempt to create for herself a domain in the intellectual sphere she has from the outset seized on occasion, not so much with the passion of the devotee as with a high sense of duty and an honorable resolution that no single talent shall be lodged with her useless; with something too, perhaps, of the fine thrift of the housewife, averse to waste, and exercised in a long tradition of homely perseverance. "The rectitude of my intention," says Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, the first of women historians, "has hitherto been, and, I trust in God, will ever be, my support in the laborious task of delineating the political history of this country," and she promises to preserve throughout the same indefatigable industry and an integrity that cannot be justly called in question by the most invidious investigator; as for mere inaccuracies of style, these she hopes will not be condemned in a female historian. The painstaking conscientiousness of Mrs. Macaulay, the equal impartial gaze of Mrs. Hemans scanning the wide world through all time in search of useful material, represent qualities which have not been denied to women of a later date; no one can question the gravity with which they pursue at once the maxims of duty and the laws of business.

"Le génie," it is often said, "n'a pas de sexe." And no doubt this may be true in a sphere, if genius care to enter there, where all is artificial. The busy contrivances of women for adaptation and assimilation do tend to obliterate distinctions, and to rob their work of both the eccentricity which they fear and the originality they distrust. The tortoise's head is kept well under cover. Only under some stress of overpowering emotion can woman be betrayed into anything like self-revelation—and perhaps she is never quite self-forgetful

enough for frank expression of her feeling, save under the passionate impulse of poetry. There are prose writers, such as in the highest degree Charlotte Brontë with feeling set aflame by a burning imagination, and George Eliot in whom emotion is sustained by intellectual passion, who at the height of their argument overleap common bounds; but it may be doubted whether there is any woman save Christina Rossetti (and within her own limits Emily Brontë), whose sincerity has never faltered, and whose ardent soul has constantly scorned to wear the livery of any passion save its own. Her range indeed is narrow, and Mrs. Browning, with an emotion in some directions no less intense, may seem to throw open the doors to a wider and more varied scene. But if we separate the songs in which under a genuine poetic inspiration she gives the direct intimations of her own soul from those that betray the iridescent activities of a sympathetic and gifted intellect, not untinged with literary ambition, the personal contribution of her independent genius may prove, to say the least, equally limited in its scope and less profound in its significance. Christina Rossetti still remains the one poetess who, passing the bounds of the world to that awful region beyond fear, has dared steadily to survey the ultimate deep that lies within the woman's nature. In the singleness and intensity of her vision she has perhaps found one secret of that rare artistic completeness in which she surpasses not only all women but most men.

It is no doubt a very complicated story, this story of precaution and disguise. If we have merely to account for a prudent demeanor, we may explain it by timidity, self-distrust, a sensitive vanity, and hatred of criticism. But the problem is far more profound. We have to follow it down even into the mysterious unconsciousness which lies in the ultimate depths of woman's nature. To the truth first pointed out by Schopenhauer—that there is another and a greater force than Thought in the Universe, namely the force of Will—

woman remains the living witness. That elemental power which inspires the whole of unconscious being reaches in her its highest expression, welling up from hidden springs of nature. Whether feeling surges up to flood and submerge her consciousness, or sinks back into fathomless recesses, leaving the sensible shore bare and desolate, it transcends the bounds of direct observation or just expression. Hidden from herself as it were in the unsounded deeps of life, she must ever be helpless to justify experiences as imperative as they are obscure, or to find in mere language, which in every age of the world still lags behind thought and perception, terms to express the subtle intimations that visit her. Hence her strange inarticulateness, as of primitive peoples painfully forging speech to serve the violent needs of the life that possesses them. Conscious expression becomes a sort of agony:—

With stammering lips and insufficient
sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
The music of my nature. . . .
But if I did it, as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would
perish there
Before the dread apocalypse of soul.

She is haunted by a twofold experience. Primitive emotions and instincts that rose from abysses of nature where she herself is one with the world that lies below consciousness, carry with them an authority so potent and tyrannical that she is impelled to rank them above all functions of intelligence. On the other hand, a rude and ruthless discipline warns her that these are but the raw material with which Nature works, lopping off here, and cutting down there, everything that pushes above the sanctioned level. By a thousand indications, too, Life mocks her with the awful panorama of emotion continually swept before the power of common realities of the world like shifting sand driven before the storm—nothing stable that is not comprehended. Nowhere is the bewildering civil strife of nature, the battle that is

with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, stranger or less intelligible than in the devastated field of woman's experience.

Under the pressure of perplexities such as these we cannot wonder that woman has fled for refuge to the traditional commonplaces of the market; or submitted to discipline under which the promptings of her instinct are brought into line, and set soberly marching along the common track to the national music. The direction in which she herself would wish to travel we can only surmise dimly out of a thousand lightest guesses, as the forest traveller may use tiny growths of moss on the tree stems to discover where the southern sun lies to which he journeys. In certain regions she seems to show no intention of setting foot. There are illimitable deserts and silent snow ranges whose solitudes have not cast their spell on her. Theology she has left on one side, though without her theology might possibly before now have disappeared; philosophy and metaphysic she has skirted with precaution, and in silence, though instinct tells her—what man has laboriously to discover—that the invisible is the real; before abstract speculation she has stood neutral, viewing with the same indifference, or at least giving no fruitful thought to, logic, or the practical sciences of conduct, law and ethics. Very rarely has she turned her mind to political philosophy. There was indeed a moment in England when the passion for political freedom mounting high in the Great Rebellion swept every chivalrous nature away from personal concern into the swelling tide of enthusiasm for the public good; and in Mrs. Hutchinson we see a very noble instance of woman under the impact of so violent a commotion—one who worthily illustrated her belief that "the celebrated glory of this isle's inhabitants, ever since they received a mention in history, confers some honor upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue which hath famed this island and raised her head in glory." A later age produced in Mrs. Catherine Macaulay a

Liberal of integrity, if not of conspicuous intellect. But our list of constitutional thinkers is neither extensive nor very laudable, and the only political writer of moderate eminence, Madame de Staël, has needed for her nurture nothing less than France and the Revolution. On the whole, it would seem that in speculations on the Constitution and Comity of States, woman's activity only blossoms in a specially heated atmosphere, and tends to lie dormant in temperate seasons. Seeing in the State no more than a useful machine to redress the unequal balance of forces and prepare the world for a new era, her views are of a directly practical kind, and in public life we mainly know women as moral reformers, not as political thinkers or zealots for constitutional freedom and development.

The comparative aloofness of woman from theological, metaphysical, and political speculation is possibly of the same character as her detachment from the whole classic world. In old times, no doubt—in the days of Alcuin and of Colet—there were women who with the rise of the New Learning caught something of the scholar's passion; but in later days the most fervent advocates of women's claims, like the most distinguished among women writers, represent a wholly different tendency. The modern Englishwoman has in no way been subdued to the civilizations of Greece and Rome; her cry still resounds: "Let them see no wisdom but in Thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness." Mrs. Browning, who drank deep, as she tells us, at the beaker of Greek poetry, not as a mere fly sipping at the brim, is respectful to that "antique tongue;" but her exultant pæan rings out over the dead Pan:—

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down this old chalic
Where libations ran of yore.

When George Eliot paints for us Florence of the Renaissance, the figure that stands in the forefront is the monk Savonarola, thrown out in tender light against a dark background of men aban-

doned to intelligence. For a scholar of the great scholarly time she gives the most sympathetic portrait she has drawn of a man of learning. It is a sad likeness of pedantic prepossessions, and aspirations half pathetic, half contemptible; fortitude and integrity are called in to lend a show of dignity which intellectual passion cannot supply, but Bardo's very stoicism is like the rattle of dead bones. When his poor baffled futile effort is over, Romola may plausibly busy herself about the outward conservation of a library, but she lightly brushes from her soul the ashes of the earth's giants, the unvalued dust of ancient philosophy. Of her scholarly training, with every emotion of loyalty enlisted in its behalf, not a trace remains. Her mind is empty and swept bare till the domineering fanaticism of a monk streams in to replenish the vacant tenement. "That subtle result of culture which we call 'taste,' was subdued by the need for deeper motive," comments her historian, with something of the strange desire to diminish the things of the mind which English women from time to time betray.

True to her policy of protective mimicry, woman may indeed soon efface these differences, and boast of skilful original achievements in the worlds of classical and speculative learning. But at present she reveals herself as intensely modern. It is to the latest subjects that she turns; and in science and the new study of human life in the novel her chief laurels have been won. For her the world has practically no past—it begins here and now where she stands. It is indeed astonishing to survey all that she has tacitly rejected in making her selection out of the world's material, as one might fastidiously pick a rosy apple from a decaying heap; nor can we feel that the problem is met by easy explanations and commonplaces of want of opportunity or want of capacity. As we watch this strange indifference, at times indeed these spasms of hostility, to the past and to all law that the past has revealed, are there not moments when we again seem to touch those profound instincts whose roots go

down into the deep of unconscious being? What if these things should be but signs that woman is herself no better than a stranger in the visible established order of this world—a strayed wanderer from some different sphere—a witness, a herald it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate marge and confines of space and time. Man is no stranger in this sense. In the world without he can distinguish a harmony, an intellectual order which responds to and justifies his reason. Generation after generation of scholars may study the constant laws that unchangingly present themselves to the intellectual vision. In the ranks of science each soldier carries the flag on from the very point where the last laid it down; and conquers in the realm of pure reason are never lost. The very energy of man, his love of fight, and his natural courage, are not ill placed in a world where all creation is subdued to nature's stupendous machinery of war and destruction. He is but another manifestation of the universal force that drives life forward over the rubbish heaps of waste.

For woman, on the other hand, the natural order of things affords no adequate justification. Her deepest instinct is hostile to the visible order of nature. She does not speak the tongue of this world, nor does she in her heart think its thoughts. For much that it offers her she cares nothing, while what she herself has to give is strangely disproportionate and uncalled for, and fits in ill with the ordinary course of life. Inspired by a ceaseless passion—unconscious, inarticulate, blind, with no warrant of triumph—she appears as the astonishing and miraculous manifestation of a new force that has never reigned here as law, the force of redeeming love. With a sublime economy she is everlastingly busy retrieving the waste of the world. Alone she wanders in desolate places strewn with wrecks and waifs, forever gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost—a sad, obscure, interminable contest with the Destroyer, lightened by no promise. The trophies she carries home at night

are the broken, the sick, and the dead. Painters have shown us in the group that gathered round the dead Christ the scene that is evermore renewed; from the beginning of the world till now women have brought their tears, their frankincense, and myrrh as a vain, sweet protest against the brutalities of nature and of destiny.

For outside her own heart what warrant can she find for that gift of love which transcends the uses to which nature has put it? The torch of love cannot be handed on like the torch of reason; it is quenched with every lover. If the object of reason stands changeless as the heavens, the object of love is as fleeting as the summer cloud. In spite of woman's unending protest,—

Who called thee strong as Death, O Love
Mightier thou wast and art!

what provision does Nature make for the passion that binds souls together across gulfs of years and chasms of space? On this mysterious plane death is closer and more conclusive than in all the world beside. The whole life of woman lies, indeed, under the immediate shadow of destiny. In that region ordinary human activity dies. There is no battling with the silent shades that people it. Here no effort can avail to win a boon or to avert a doom. It is in the silent abysses of ultimate experience that woman has learnt "that meagre hope of good and that dim wide fear of harm" which leaves so terrible a stamp on her writings, breaking even the cheerful sanity of Mrs. Hemans:—

This lone, full, fragile heart—the strong
alone
In love and grief—of both the burning
shrine.

There Christina Rossetti drank deep of the only well that springs in the outer darkness—the bitter waters of final resignation:—

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth nor rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

But nowhere has the shadow of that realm of fate been revealed more terribly than by Shakespeare in the awful figure of Goneril suddenly arrested in the midway of her violence at the first icy waft sent forth from the throne of darkness; or in Lady Macbeth, unconquerable by the whole visible world till all unseen the touch of Destiny is laid on her, at whose familiar presence, a spectre well known to the woman's soul, her strength becomes even like melting wax.

Of all pilgrims and sojourners in the world, woman remains in fact the most perplexed and the most alien. From the known order of things she has everything to fear, nothing to hope. Contemptuous of experience with its familiar tricks and deceptions, for the benefits of law in the actual world her scepticism is profound, and her disillusionment as to the past complete. In the natural order she has found no response; her indignant appeal rises to the supernatural. With her dim consciousness of having come from beyond law, or at least from regions where there is the adumbration of a new law, her eyes are turned only to the future. There she images ceaselessly another life to be revealed which shall utterly efface old codes and systems. In her need and desire she has allied herself with the poor, the slaves, the publicans and sinners, with all who, like herself, were seeking something different from that which they knew; and the two great religions which have expressed the feminine side of feeling, the Buddhist and the Christian, have been sustained by her ardor. "This system is at least not of this world," she cries; "my place may be there!" For an alliance which gives her hope she has been content to suffer the loss of equal spiritual dignity with man, which was hers in the ancient world; she has borne the degradation and humiliation brought on her by the debased theories of Semitic materialism; she has silently subjected herself to codes of spiritual duty and discipline in many ways calculated, since woman is not man, to quench her nascent virtues and to

nourish her full-blown vices; she has refused to arraign the formal conventions of spiritual perfection; too often, indeed, she consents to become the very slave of convention, and what with alarm, what with ignorance, builds again and again for her refuge, with busy, trembling hands, barriers that reason and judgment had already shattered. At every moment she betrays freedom in a very abandonment of terror and doubt; for her scorn of experience and defiance of reason leave her without fear of tyranny, temporal or spiritual, and without arms against it. From her bitter logic it must follow that where no law is true and beneficent, none is false and baneful, and sheer scepticism and ignorance meet in her terrific code, with its cruel consequences—"There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness."

It is in this capacity of a stranger that woman is so interesting in her observation of life. We see her as an anarchist of the deepest dye. A certain license runs through all her work. Not only is she fundamentally indifferent to form, and but moderately skilled in language, but at bottom, as we have seen, she tends to be sceptical and lawless. Her observation has something in it detached, curious, alert, before which every detail teems with significance. She analyzes life as an alchemist of old searched all matter for the philosopher's stone that should transmute every element to gold; and where science fails the passion of faith steps in. Beginning simply in the fashion of Miss Austen, with a direct and homely observation of the world about her, by the very freshness of her realism she touched, almost without knowing it, deep springs of nature, and deceptive, as nature is deceptive, seemed to the unseeing eye alone to be very busy with trivialities. But before long her self-consciousness began to march with the times, clearing the road of weaker emotions. In a man's novel the author will often challenge his reader's masculine love of a gallant fight for its own sake. Whether the hero emerges from his

battle with fate beaten or triumphant is no such great matter. Alive or dead he is surrounded, like the Spanish toreador, with the applause of the onlookers, and pity is mitigated by a sort of conviction that, whatever may be the final outcome of things, the excitement and renown of a stout battle annihilate its suffering. Or, again, the masculine writer may claim our interest on the ground of pure art—the form and balance of the story somehow convey the sense of a general order in which discords merge in a mysterious harmony. But with woman neither the passion of struggle nor the love of form is overpowering. Her instinct is to lay hold of another harmony. With a sense of values permanently different from that of the man, success, efficiency, inherent worth count no more for her than they did for Mrs. Barton; it is fitness for mercy, not native value, that attracts her. Her tendency is to obliterate distinctions of experience:—

Fire is bright,
Let temple burn or flax; an equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or
weed,
And Love is Fire.

Casting aside all verdicts of the present, she refuses to reckon with defeat, and claims another judgment. All alike—Tito, Savonarola, Romola—may become the vessels of her grace, filled from the deep reservoir of love. Occasional modern writers indeed, seeking to escape from an instinct which they fear as an effeminate snare, fall into forced brutality, while others are led by an undiscerning pity to seek heroes in the wastes of the vulgar and the commonplace. But perhaps the most curious result of the woman's point of view is the sort of fascination with which modern novelists depict their own sex, no longer as the active intelligent beings of Shakespeare's time, but meekly helpless before circumstances, sitting with baffled hands clasped in a fruitless patience. Charlotte Brontë is perhaps the last who portrays woman of the old type, erect, alert, full of resource, by the majesty of her own honor emancipated

from lower forms of servitude. In what sharp contrast with Jane Eyre does Dorothea stand! or Romola, the type of resigned unintelligent suffering, in limitless self-abnegation bowing her neck to the yoke of duty imposed by external authority, only to fall into an obedience passive and inconclusive, which she never lifts out of the region of formal convention, and which leaves her barren of influence in any real sense to save or help.

In Wagner, the very personification of the modern as opposed to the classical genius, we see many of the new conceptions which women have at once reflected and indefinitely repeated, nor would it be easy to measure what might have been the limits of his fame in a world where the woman's emotion had less force. There have been times when the country, the city, the church, were clothed with a romantic splendor, and the individual man served humbly as the common soldier of a disciplined army. But the modern perspective is different, and women have gladly carried their stones to build the new temple of Man. On the vast platform sustained by their sympathy the human being stands, a demigod in the magnitude of his sorrows and his temptations, the startling magic with which Heaven and Hell contending for his soul surround him, and the universal trepidation at the crisis of his fate. In modern thought and literature, in fact, the personal note dominates all others. Stoicism with its masculine fortitudes has been routed, and the enormous value supposed to attach to each separate being, the importance of life and death, have been given a prominence such as was never before known. And strangely enough this has been mainly done by woman, who is herself perhaps nature's chief witness to the truth that humanity is not the centre of the universe.

For good or evil the influence so plainly marked will grow in strength, and there are many signs that the feminine as opposed to the masculine forces in the modern world are becoming more and more decisive in human affairs. The

consequences are not easy to forecast. Where the soul is strong enough to bear the vision of ultimate righteousness and truth, we see women lifted into regions of the noblest freedom. They shake from them their servitude to fear and to convention like a worn-out garment. Rising again into the sphere of the great Equity from whose dominion they have come, they discover there secrets hidden from the lower world, and, helpless as they are to give any sanction to their sentence, they still express, at their best, the deepest and truest verdict on human character that the earth knows—a verdict which is the very forecast of judgment to come. Of the divine passion which in that upper world casts down the formal barriers that hedge in duty and part law from love Desdemona will ever stand as the tragic prophetess:—

Emil.—Oh! who hath done this deed?

Desdemona.—Nobody: I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord.

Othello.— . . . She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that killed her.

Emil.— O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

But the great emancipation is rare; and too often the authority justly conceded to the free woman is claimed as an inherent feminine right by those who are still the slaves of their own egotism. Reverence is demanded for her who refuses to know any law save feeling, and measures all things solely by what they minister to her own emotional vitality; the spendthrift of a pity she flings abroad with no nobler rule than that of her personal predilections; the lover, in her ignorance of history and man, of sham virtues, and the supporter of cheap philosophies and ignoble tyrannies. To doubt obligations which her emotion imposes she holds to be "simply a negation of high sensibilities," in whose defence she calls upon the Divine Nemesis; and where emotion is the ultimate test and supernatural sanction the ultimate power, there is little chance for reason or liberty. These, however, are the first con-

ditions for discovering the contribution which woman has to make to human thought. If she is to deliver her true message, or to be the apostle of a new era, she must throw aside the curiosity of the stranger and the license of the anarchist. The history and philosophy of man must be the very alphabet of her studies, and she must speak the language of the world to which she is the high ambassador, not as a barbarian or foreigner, but as a skilled and fine interpreter. From culture she must learn deeper lessons than "taste," and the reason which in the last resort must give stability to the shadows projected by her instinct must be honorably reckoned with. While learning ripens there may cling to it some husks of pedantry, and knowledge may perhaps seem to check the spontaneous message. But we have prophets enough of the message which cannot survive knowledge, and has no roots in reason. No equipment of heart or brain can be too great for the pioneers that a suffering world sends forward to sink wells where the solid rock has till now promised no water, and open new horizons where man's vision has stopped short.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN,

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE MODERN PENTATHLUM.

Those modern Olympic sports which Greece instituted—we can hardly say revived—a year ago, were only too suggestive, by analogy with the old Olympic games, of the changed estate of Greece since the days of Marathon. It was hard to suppress a smile as we read of the struggle over the lawn tennis tournament—though this game, curiously enough, came to us first, as we may remember, with a quasi-Greek name—sphairstike. Still we found it impossible to regard it as purely classical. Was it, perchance, because we found it so suburban?

These are unprofitable wonderings; but at least we saw this to honor, in the spirit that dominated the new Olympic games, that every effort was given—

royal efforts, even—to make them honorable. It was evident that this pathetic Greece of to-day could regret, even if she could not replace, the Pyrrhic phalanx; and this regret was an honor to her, and, may be, in spite of all her sufferings, the first step towards a new conscription.

The Greeks of the Classical period lived, and unfortunately died, a long while ago; but for all that there were some matters about which they were wiser than we, and one of them was their manner of educating their sons. They set about this business, as about many others, in a more orderly way, with more just consideration of first principles; they recognized in a way that we do not quite recognize—in spite of many schools and many schoolmasters, athletic ones withal—the relative and mutual influences of the *μουσική* and the *γυμναστική*—the æsthetic and the physical culture. We, in fact, are very much inclined to leave the latter an entirely unconsidered factor. "A boy wants lots of exercise," we say, and there is the conclusion of the whole matter.

We deem it concluded with that, but the old Greeks did not. They knew that this exercise of the physical nature had a direct effect on the mental; they seem to have believed that a man could not seriously read and seriously row, say, on the same day. They preferred that he should read for a year and row for a year, and make both a science; but then, you see, all these Greek young gentlemen were of the leisured class, whereas Britannia, unfortunately, never, never, never will have slaves.

Therefore we have to combine the two, the physical and mental culture, higgledy-piggledy; and seem to get on fairly well under the system, or lack of system—play cricket, football, golf, tennis, racquets, and the rest of it, sandwiching it all in between slices of philosophy, political economy, Ibsen's plays, and Wagnerian music; and become, finally, the kaleidoscopic kind of beings that modern complex life requires us to be, with a facet ready to be

turned on at each demand for sympathy or interest. Our wonder is—unlike Dr. Johnson's wonder at the dancing dogs—that we do it all so well, that we are able to unite so much. Of course there are scholars and there are athletes; there are very many that are neither; but "the wonder" is that there are so many that are both. The modern instance that most readily occurs to us is Mr. Fry, late captain of Oxford University cricket, a young man of many "blues," and a first-class man in "Mods." Another whom we know as an adept at athleticism in nearly all its branches, and a man of intellectual vigor and ability, is Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. Naming these two we suggest no invidious comparison with many others perhaps as variously gifted. These names occur in this connection naturally. These men probably would have been victors in the pentathlon.

A certain feature is noticeable when we consider the factors of the pentathlon, the boxing, the wrestling, the leaping, the running, and the disc-throwing—that all these were primarily feats of strength. That is not to say that they required the bovine solidity of muscle which enables modern "strong men" to hold up a dining-room table with all the guests; it merely means that all these games required, as the ultimate condition of success, that a man should be supremely capable of that application of his strength at a given moment, to a given point, which is, perhaps, more correctly to be named "agility." They must have been terribly "agile" men, these victors of the old pentathlon. It is, perhaps, an Oriental, rather than an Anglo-Saxon quality, and, though we both are Aryan, those ancient Greeks were nearer the common stock than we. But what should we say was the quality common to all our modern athletes, our Frys, our Lytteltons, our Ottaways, and the rest, and the first condition of their wide-reaching success? Probably we should say that their success was due chiefly to a very accurate correspondence of hand and eye. "Speed and harmony of reflex action," or some such illuminating

phrase as that, a biologist would supply us with, and call it an explanation; but in whatsoever tangle of words we veil our ignorance it does not alter the fact that these men were good, beyond their fellows, at all that had to do with hitting a ball with a stick—in its endless modifications, such as bat, racquet, and so on—or even at kicking a ball with the foot.

But here we have come upon a wondrous new invention in the service of games—a ball. Of course we know that Ulysses found Nausicaa and her hand-maidens playing at ball, having a game of catch; but obviously it was deemed rather a feminine amusement, scarcely worthy of men. In the days when a man's value as a fighting animal, his real ultimate value after all, depended almost directly on his agility, on his power of using his strength, then it was only natural that the games held in highest honor should have been those which gave this quality its best display. And such, beyond doubt, would be just those very games of the pentathlum—boxing, wrestling, running, leaping, and throwing the disc. But when men grew more civilized, so that the richer began to pay the poorer to fight for them, and the fighting became a mechanical matter to a large extent (which does not by any means imply that the best qualities of the Pyrrhic phalanx were lost to those men), then agility began to lose its relatively vast value, games began to be regarded purely in the light of health-giving pastimes, and necessarily lost some of their honor. There was a certain transition period, when the fortunes of war were decided, not by hand-to-hand fighting, but more by the skillful direction of the *missile telum*—the dart sent from catapult, long bow, arquebuse, or, more lately, after the invention of the "vile dust," from the firearm. And all this missile-weapon business implied a deal more value in the correspondence of hand and eye than the older methods, where a hurried javelin discharge "into the brown" of the enemy was only intended as a sort of disconcerting preliminary to the real fighting which was done at hand grips.

Of course even here the quick eye was valuable, to see the enemy's weak spot and take advantage of an unguarded movement; but the primary need was of the strong man, in the sense of a man who knew how to apply his strength.

And when once you have come to the conclusion that you are to have a game, a pastime, with a missile weapon, a very little adaptation of means to ends proves that the globular shape of the weapon is the best for passing-time purposes, though a pointed thing may be better for sticking into a foe. So, at once, you come to a ball, which will bound straight, is a convenient shape for catching and for throwing—has in fact obvious advantages. Curiously enough, in an Act of an old Scottish Parliament, we see the two in contention—the round weapon for pastime, and the pointed weapon for graver service. That act decrees that golf and football shall be "utterly cryit dune," because folks are apt to go playing these ball-games to the neglect of their archery practice; and then where will bonnie Scotland be when the Sassenachs come over the border? That is the spirit of the enactment. Nowadays it is the Sassenach with his club and ball that the Scotsman sometimes has to fear crossing his border; but he could not, at the time of that act, look forward to a world in which golf was ubiquitous.

This division, by a ball, of the games or the past from the games of the present, exists even to-day. The games of the pentathlum are rather what we should call "athletic sports" to-day, and we find that "games" in our sense—that is to say, the outdoor games—are almost all affairs in which a ball plays a great big part. Our other outdoor amusements we commonly call either "sports," without the "athletic" epithet, being those pursuits which are concerned with the chase or killing of creatures, or "pastimes," under which head we must put rowing in all its branches, dancing possibly, and perhaps boxing and wrestling.

Otherwise used, "pastime" may cover all the field of athletic exercise, but the whole is sharply divided into sports in

Which correspondence of hand and eye is the most important factor of success, and sports in which agility is of the first importance. Therefore it need really be no particular matter for our wonder when we see a certain individual excelling at many of these games, for it is clear that excellence in any one presupposes the chief quality that makes for success in all, namely, correspondence of hand and eye, and presupposes also a fair amount, at least, of agility, without which the other quality would lose effect. But when we come to the case of those who, besides proficiency in games, have by nature unusual intellectual powers in addition, we can only admire so sane a mind in so sane a body, with the mental reservation, that to start a man with such odds in life's handicap was really not quite a piece of fair dealing on the part of the committee.

But naturally, when the man gifted with the accurate eye and the responsive hand had begun to exercise his talents at one of these games of skill, the training there acquired served to bring his inborn capacities to a higher point when he betook himself to another game. It is true that these ball games may be sharply divided into those in which the ball is in motion at the moment of striking, and those in which the ball is at rest at that moment. Cricket and tennis are ready examples of the former; golf and billiards of the latter. But in both classes the correspondence of hand and eye is the ultimate essential of success, without which any superfluity of study or of muscle is in vain; and taking this into due consideration it, perhaps, becomes matter for our wonder rather that there should be so few men who are good all-round athletes, than that there should be so many. Of course, there are divers games, and one has not time for all; but the ordinary public school curriculum embraces most, and one learns their grammar while yet a boy, of the proper age for learning.

Learns, too, at the same time, something more than the mere technical muscular details, for if, in one sense,

we do not recognize as fully as the Greeks the uses and possible abuses of *γυμναστική* in its effect on the harmony of the mental and physical nature, they, on the other hand, did not value, as we are able to do, the use of games as a means of moral education. There was no place in their games for the co-operation and subordination which cricket and football teach our boys; no testing of the powers of concentration and control of nerve and temper which are so essential to success in golf. Primarily these games of theirs were feats of strength alone, appealing to the man of muscle, but with no word at all to say to man as a moral and social creature; they can have had little or no direct influence on the character, except in the self-discipline that was involved in training.

There is analogy, no doubt, to be traced between the characteristics of races and their national games, in modern equally as in ancient times. It is not conceivable that the game of cricket could be a growth of the solemn spirit of the Lowland Scot, any more than one could picture the hard drinking, noise, and laughter-loving Englishman of a few generations ago sedulously pursuing so grave and stately a game as golf. Now, in these rays of Union, and of cheap gutta-percha balls, cricket and golf have kissed one another. The golfer plays at cricket, the cricketer at golf. In the course of that embrace each game has in a measure become infused by the spirit of the other. The English cricketer, taking up golf, has brought into it an air of joviality, won from the cakes and ale of the village green, which assorts not over well with the more Puritan mood, nurtured by porridge and whiskey, on the grey seashore of the east coast of Scotland. Lately it happened to the writer to be an auditor of the moan of a majestic old Scotsman over the loss of the grand old manner in the game of golf: "I am afraid, my dear sir," said he, "that golf is losing its solemnity!"

"Solemnity" is an awesome, weighty word, but it expresses aptly enough, though perhaps with a trifle too much

of its own spirit, the quality that golf has lost in becoming the blessed property of all the world—and lost, in a measure, to its detriment; for though it is true that perhaps the Scot of the old school pushed the gravity of the situation further than the occasion warranted, still that was a wiser error than the opposite one of introducing into the game such trifling cackling laughter that one cannot play it properly. But, again, one has heard the converse complaint, of the invasion of English games by the “solemnity” of Scottish golf. Of billiards it has lately happened to the writer to hear it said “Your golfing manners, of wanting a man to stand still and not speak while you are playing, have so invaded other games that now, in our billiard-room at the club, we get glared at if we make a joke or strike a match while a man is playing.”

And quite right, too! It is good to see that the Badminton book on billiards endorses this view—that it is vain and futile to attempt to play billiards, as a game worthy of any attention, while all sorts of occasions of distraction are being created wantonly about you. Of course, if it is merely to be regarded as a means of keeping guests fairly amiable, though fairly wakeful, in the after-dinner hour at a country-house, the joke and the match-striking are all of a piece and in keeping. But if that is the purpose of the game, why not “billiard fives,” or one of those minor diversions to which the table and the balls lend themselves?

Nevertheless, in moderation these games may perhaps find something that is good, which each may borrow of the other; for it is possible to be even too solemn over golf and too light-hearted over cricket. The spirit of the one by transfusion may correct the extreme tendencies of the other; and it would seem that the man to approach each of them in a well-balanced and appropriate frame of mind should be he who has a useful knowledge of them all—the modern pentathlete. The experience that he has learned in the one will bear fruit when he addresses himself to the other; for he will come

to it in the right spirit of humility, yet will not worship its idols as a fetish, will correct its fossilized axioms by reference to similarly fossilized, but diametrically opposed, axioms learned in the school of another game, will be temperately jovial even at his golf, and yet concentrated, “with his eye on the ball,” even in cricket.

In a small cavilling way it is often asked whether golf be good for cricket, cricket good for golf, with the implied answer that they are mutually detrimental. And, of course, it is true enough that if a man play cricket to-day and golf to-morrow he will be apt to make forward strokes with the golf club, which will send the ball away to the right of the proper line; and, again, if he play cricket on the succeeding day, his golf practice will incline him to sweep the bat and pull the ball. Similarly, the immediate effect of racquets or tennis on the golfer is to make him drop his wrist, as if he were playing a cut stroke, with the evil result of cutting the golf ball. It is difficult to pass without disaster the threshold from one game to the other; but once the threshold is past, once the merely technical adjustments of the game lately abandoned are forgotten in favor of those appropriate to the game on hand, then the training of muscle and eye to work together in the one is of the greatest value in the other. The cricketer had far better in the winter season follow the golf ball over the links than sit with his hands folded or play at a game in which correspondence of hand and eye is not essential.

The criticism is open to be made that football requires for itself a special subdivision in the classification of games, seeing that correspondence of foot and eye, rather than of hand and eye, is the essential condition of its successful playing; but the distinction is a little too obvious to be worth insisting on. On the other hand it is worthy of passing remark that the ball games that men play with a stick held in their two hands are of Teutonic origin, such as cricket, golf, and base-ball; while those which they play with a stick held in the one hand

namely, tennis, racquets, lacrosse, pelote, and all that family, are of a Latin derivation. Probably we may safely say this, though the original forms of these games—the *rebot*, the *tringuet*, and the *pelote*—are in favor now rather in the country of the Basques—and it appears to have been to Basque initiative energy and love of active recreation that they owe their being. It is open to say that they are all forms of *jeu de paume*, with a modification, as, first, a glove (*tringuet*); second, a basket (*pelote*); third, a racquet (tennis); and fourth, a curved stick with a net (lacrosse). But certainly it is the Basque alone who can claim to have developed any of its forms into the dignity of a national game, such as the *pelote* or *pelota* unquestionably is with them to-day. Both Spanish and French Basques go out as professional *pelota* players among their compatriots in South America, and make so much money there by playing exhibition matches, and perhaps by wagers on the results, that they often come back to their native land comparatively rich men.

In spite of the crowning of the victor in the Olympic Games, and the poems that were recited to his glory, the modern pentathlete lacks neither his share of glory, nor, if he be willing to accept it, of guerdon either. Regard the testimonial lately given to Dr. W. G. Grace; and the subscription on a much smaller scale whose proceeds are insuring a peaceable old age to "Old Tom" Morris. The observations in the crowd at "Lords," or around the ropes of a big football match, show well that the athlete is not without honor. He may find himself, on the contrary, held in high esteem, where perhaps he has little suspected it, by a class far removed, socially, from his own, and with whose members he has no personal acquaintance.

Wherein, again, we see a fine working, unknown to the ancients, of our modern games—unknown and undesired—their working, not towards a levelling of class distinctions, but towards a better understanding, and a

better possibility of friendship between distinct classes. Our own fine national game of cricket we may perhaps place, proudly, first and foremost in this regard. It is the highest of its many merits. Football runs it a good second; and in Scotland golf and curling are aiding the same excellent cause. Ireland, which seems destitute of a national game, if we except her hurling or hurly, and the shillelagh play, which flourishes ubiquitously, suffers the worst agony in her class struggles.

But with all this panegyric of athleticism, which is an echo of the voice of the age, it is as well that we should now and again recall to mind the warning of the old philosophers of the danger of the unmixed *γυμναστική*—and the necessity of at least tempering it now and again with a modicum of the *μουσική*. It makes a man healthy, no doubt, this pursuit of air and exercise (for the day is gone by when we believed the seeds of fatal disease to be laid in a healthy constitution during the 'Varsity boat race). Looking on, from the bank, on a cold day, has been productive of much more harm. But yet there lurks an element of truth, as in most extreme statements, in that phrase "brutalizing influence of athleticism," which certain persons are so fond of. The bull-necked Philistine is not exactly the highest product of the nineteenth century, nor do we find our ultimate ideal in a triumph of matter over mind. The man whose whole thought and soul and being is absorbed in any one sport or pastime, or indeed in sport and pastime as a whole, so as to leave no space for lights intellectual or æsthetic to find their way to that soul, seems in danger of crippling fatally the soul's capacity for receiving any rays from a higher source. The "business man," pure and simple, is even preferable to him, for both are professionals, and the former's profession at least gives direct exercise to the brain. At the game, the pastime, and the sport, we do not want the spirit of professionalism. Perhaps this seems a hard thing to say, seeing that in every sport and pastime which we

know there are professionals with whom it is the greatest pleasure to play and share that pastime; but the answer is to this, that these are they who, though in the letter professionals, so that they receive money for playing the game, are yet in the best sense "amateurs" or lovers of it. None loves golf better, or has a more sacred respect for its best traditions, than Old Tom Morris. He takes his money from the game, because such is the state of life to which Providence has called him; but he plays the game from his love of it—certainly not from any love, which he has not, of the money it brings. Towards this question of professionalism the game of golf has taken a position rather different from that which other games and sports have been obliged to adopt. Though the line between golfing amateur and golfing professional is drawn as hard and fast as in other branches of athletics, the latest judicial dictum has ruled that a professional in another sport may rank as an amateur in golf. A professional cricketer might, within the law, be the amateur champion of golf. This is no doubt the right spirit of viewing the matter, for the cricket professional plays golf, presumably, because he loves it, and not for gain, and is therefore in the truest sense an amateur. Other games, not standing away by themselves from the rest, as golf does by the difference of its methods, are scarcely able to adopt the same liberal view; for the training of the professional in any one of them is so likely to be helpful to him in another that the amateur scarcely meets him on equal terms.

But there exists, for every amateur of a game, a danger of becoming professional in a more subtle sense. Games and athletic exercises and sport in general appeal so strongly to a certain side, and a generous though not the highest side, of human nature, that he who pursues them is in the constant risk of becoming so engrossed and captivated by their attractions as to allow them to over-master the aspirations belonging to the nobler attributes of his

nature. Whence comes the habitual use of horsey slang, or rowing slang, or whatever be appropriate to the pursuit indulged in to excess, murdering the better and purer manners of speech as fatally as the habit of thought constantly turned in the direction of athletics murders the capacity for better mental things? We do not, it is true, honor with the bay-leaf and the pæan the conqueror in our modern pentathlum, but it may not be amiss, nevertheless, to conclude with this hint, that the functions of *μουσική* and *γυμναστική*, on the complex nature of man are the same to-day as at the date of those old Olympic Games. One of our modern games specially is selected for the censure of those who deplore athleticism and all its tendencies—football. It is indicated as a sign of the times that fifty thousand people should have attended at the Crystal Palace to see the final game for the Association Cup. These numbers are compared with those of spectators at the oval and at Lord's, and the moral drawn, with melancholy satisfaction, that Englishmen of the nineteenth century prefer the "brutal sport" of football to the "noble, manly," etc., cricket. But regard the matter from another point of view a moment. The populace see their game of football on a Saturday afternoon. On what other afternoon have they a chance of looking on at a game? And what amount of interest is commonly left in a cricket match on a Saturday afternoon?

It seems scarcely needful to say more; but the argument is strengthened by the numbers that pass the oval turnstiles when Surrey plays Notts on the August Bank Holiday; and finally, if it were merely for its rough and tumble qualities that "the many-headed" loved its football, it would seek these bolisterous delights in Rugby football for preference, whereas the association game is the favorite of our crowds. The "many-headed" is a passably gentle beast, after all, and a kindly just critic of the modern pentathlum.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A DOUBTFUL ACQUISITION.

"In der Liebe ist anders. Du verdienst sie weil du dich nicht darum bewirbst."—GOETHE.

As he sat in the Pavillon Henri Quatre waiting for his déjeuner, Everard West was wondering why he had come to St. Germain. It could not be the conventional joy of obeying the guide-book; for that does not appeal with exhilarating force to a man who has roamed over three-fourths of the globe; no, it was clear that his chief reason had been the commonplace desire to extinguish one phase of boredom by another. For bored he certainly was, in spite of surroundings worthy of inspiring even a blasé traveller. Here was a glorious morning in May, a comfortable seat, and a unique landscape. The trees of the forest in their tenderest green smiled coquettishly from the Terrace down the vine-clad slopes to the glittering Seine basking in lazy loops at their feet; thence over the plain the hot white roads stretched pitilessly under an ultramarine sky, past villages and châteaux, until they were lost in the sullen heights of Montmartre and Mont Valérien—a quivering horizon of battlemented haze only broken by the impudent tracery of the Eiffel Tower. Yet from this scene West turned away wearily, with the blasphemous comment that it would provide a fine artillery-ground. Within the *salle-à-manger* man was commendably vile. Tourists eating or expecting to eat are not fascinating, even when they include a French party whose *père de famille* was naively conscious of his red button, a couple of English parsons squabbling over Baedeker and their bill, three shrill emancipated American young ladies quarrelling with the waiter because he did not understand Americanese, and a quartette of French bicyclists in the most irrational English costumes. To this bilingual assemblage West formed a grim contrast. His wiry figure and keen face, tanned as only an Eastern sun can tan, not to speak of that honorable scar seaming his left cheek, pro-

claimed that he had some right to look as soldierly as he did. As he sat beating a tattoo on the tablecloth, his wandering attention was arrested by the entrance of an obviously English pair, —the man a delicate intellectual-looking young fellow, but as uninteresting as average intellectuality always is; the woman—well! despite her severely plain black and white dress and hat, there floated about her something of the subtle witchery with which birth and breeding when aided by art will always invest womanhood. She could not be more than five-and-twenty; "beautiful" she could hardly be called, and "good-looking" was an outrageously commonplace term to apply to that refined profile and girlish figure, which seemed so conscious of their sex. She was laughing merrily enough as she and her companion strove to convey their wishes in intelligible French; but with the sudden intuition which sometimes flashes across even men, West felt that those joyous eyes and smiling lips were at best a mask. What lay behind, who could say? But it was certainly not laughter. Yes; Life—Life which had carelessly scrawled its trite text on his own face—had begun early with her too. As she sat down she had cast from under her long lashes a negligent look round the room, and her eye had rested for a moment on the table in the corner. West perhaps had met her gaze with unnecessary sympathy, for it was hurriedly withdrawn, but in that brief second he had been overpowered by the uncomfortable feeling that between this young woman and himself there existed some mysterious bond. He began to survey her narrowly, admiring the pose of her head with its coils of brown hair, the easy vivacity of her gestures, the insinuated delicacy of her exquisitely appropriate dress and hat. He even detected her slyly taking stock of himself, and it was almost with a sense of relief that he settled that her companion was her brother, and swore to himself that he had never seen her before. Then followed a shock. In drawing off her gloves she

revealed to West's keen eye the unmistakable glitter of a wedding ring. He promptly called himself an "ass"—or something worse. Why should she not be married? What was it to him where her husband was? Yet he was so annoyed that he left his lunch half-finished and retired to the Terrace. There, lapped in a nirvana of tobacco-smoke and sunshine, he made the amazing discovery that he was no longer bored by St. Germain.

He had hardly finished his first pipe when he was joined by the unknown woman's companion, and in five minutes they had exchanged newspapers and views on the beautiful landscape. There was much of his sister's charm in this young man's smile as he remarked with a frank laugh—

"We must introduce ourselves, I fancy. My name is Jackson; by compulsion of no profession, by taste a dabbler in literature and a dram-drinker in history."

"And I," replied West, "am called West; by profession a soldier, by taste a piratical condottiere."

"What! *the* Captain West?" ejaculated the young man.

West smiled. "I don't know about the 'the,' but I must own to being a Captain West," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

"But I mean," persisted Jackson, "*the* Captain West, the West of the Illustrated Papers, the West who—"

"I may as well own up," broke in the other, hurriedly. "I can't help those confounded journalists making copy of me; but really—"

"I am in luck. You must let me introduce you to my sister" (it was his sister, then!), "if it won't bore you. For you know, of course, that half the women in England are off their heads to know you."

"That is why I am here. I couldn't—pardon me—stand all that absurd rot just for doing what any one would have done quite as well, and so I fled where as yet no one but yourself has discovered me."

Despite this naïve confession they continued to chat. When their pipes

were finished Jackson suggested a stroll in the Forest to find his sister, and West readily agreed. Fate clearly had ordained that he should make this woman's acquaintance.

They very soon found her, and West observed how she flushed when her eyes first fell on himself. He was, of course, not aware that his own tanned skin perceptibly browned a little too—if that were possible.

"*Ida*," said her brother, "may I introduce my new acquaintance? Captain West, my sister Mrs. Heathcote."

This time it was West's turn to start most unmistakably as her name tripped innocently from her brother's lips. He always prided himself on not having a nerve in his body, yet Mrs. Heathcote's searching eyes made him very uncomfortable. As their hands touched there again shot through him the weird feeling that in the dim recesses of the past there was a mysterious bond between them.

The conversation was at first irredeemably stupid. The weather, St. Germain, the Forest, Paris, the Americans—all had their turn. Young Jackson, however, was not to be balked, and before long West had to tell in embarrassed jerks the story of that wonderful campaign on the Indian frontier—the revolt, the great ride, the holding of the fort, the sortie and its victory—with which England had been ringing. By the time that the fort was relieved they had regained the Terrace, now bathed in an afternoon sun. After all, it is not so very unpleasant even to a modest hero to dilate on one's achievements when the audience includes a young woman who will adroitly punctuate your stories with the silent homage of glowing eyes and deep-drawn breaths. Nor was the place so incongruous. True, the Forest was sinking into the blood-red peace of a perfect sunset, and round them the nurses and children played in blissful contempt for the English tourist; but not so long ago this smiling valley too had suffered the long-drawn agony of a heroic siege, and had shuddered at the shriek of Prussian shells.

In answer to Mrs. Heathcote's questions, West gaily rattled on from skirmishes with dervishes in the Soudan to dacoit-hunts in Burmah and the "twisting of the tails" of restless Indian tribes. South Africa of course could not be forgotten.

"Then you have been in South Africa too?" Mrs. Heathcote asked with peculiar eagerness.

West smiled with dry satisfaction. "As far as I can make out," he said, quietly, "there are few countries in which I have not shed blood, either my own or that of others—generally that of others," he added, with grim humor.

Mrs. Heathcote was fingering nervously the white lace on her parasol; her brother also had become very attentive. West felt that the conversation had reached a crisis.

"You are interested in South Africa?" he asked, carelessly. "Perhaps," he went on, with an awkwardly light laugh, "you have shares in—"

"Oh, no!" she replied, almost petulantly. Her voice dropped. "I had—a friend who went out there." Then she stopped abruptly. But her look, West asked of himself, what did that look mean? There are some looks, surging up from the depths of the soul, whose tragedy no one can mistake—looks like those of a dumb animal in inexpressible torture—and this was one of them. He felt rather than saw that his questioner was on the verge of tears.

"Hullo!" he cried, jumping up and pulling out his watch, "six-thirty. I must be getting back to Paris. I had no idea it was so late."

Mrs. Heathcote rewarded his adroitness with a glance of deep gratitude, but she left her brother to speak.

"What! you are going back to Paris?" the young man said, in genuine dismay. "I thought you were staying here, and I was hoping—" he turned appealingly to his sister.

Captain West wavered. Why not stay? But he waited for Mrs. Heathcote to decide. She had, however, already divined the meaning of his glance.

"Oh, do stay, if you can!" she inter-

vened, almost pleadingly. "You have not half told us all I want to know. You have still got to tell me all about South Africa."

With a little more coaxing he agreed to wire for his things. The piquant aroma of mystery which hung round her stirred him vaguely; but even apart from this, an hour in her society had created in him a longing to sip a few more draughts of the refreshing spell which her voice and eyes had to offer. He flattered himself, too, that he had read in her looks that kind of interest in himself which deserves the reward of further self-indulgence.

Yet, when alone in his room, he took himself severely to task. "Come, come," he said, "you haven't come to Paris to make a fool of yourself over a woman who is already married—you, too, who have been wooed by women until you are sick of the sex. Dash it all!" with a vicious dab of the brush at his hair, "you know better than that. But I mean to see it out," he added, firmly. Then he broke into a long whistle. "This is rum, deuced rum," he muttered, as he produced his pocket-book and drew from it a scrap of yellow foreign notepaper. His fingers trembled as he looked at it, and he swore softly. The soiled fragment was merely the end of a letter, but the faded ink distinctly bore the signature "Ida Heathcote." "I thought I could not be mistaken," was his comment at last; "no wonder I jumped in the Forest." And he swore softly again. He stuck his hands in his pocket, sat down on the bed, and gazed stupidly at his boots. Presently an idea struck him. He hurried off to the *portier* and demanded the visitors' book. Once safe in the *fumoir*, he put his yellow relic beside the entry of the day. The recent writing, "*Mrs. Heathcote, England*," was certainly more fully formed, but even to the unpractised eye it was clearly the same hand as that which had penned the scrap in his possession. "And her name is Ida," he murmured. "Dash it all; this is rum. I am glad I am staying."

To his disappointment, however,

Mrs. Heathcote did not appear at dinner. She had gone to bed, her brother apologetically explained, with a bad headache. So West perforce had to defer further unraveling of the mystery until a more favorable season. He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, but when bedtime came he was reminded in the most provoking way that even "V. C." heroes are human. West, who had slept on a rain-soaked ridge to the lullaby of a sputtering musketry-fire, found it impossible to sleep, and in the early morning, vanquished by the unusual struggle, he sallied forth to explore the Forest.

If St. Germain had looked splendid the day before, it was positively entrancing in all the cool glory of the rising sun. To eyes long blistered by the glare of Egyptian sands or the scorched plains of the Punjab, this sylvan paradise of winding paths and coy glades just awakening from their dewy sleep, this riotous maze of ever-changing greens, was an intoxicating dream. In this magic fairyland new charms revealed themselves at every step—now a peep of the Seine a dazzling ribbon of silver grey, now a vista of the plains reluctantly parting from the embrace of the dawn, now some unexplored copse wreathed in a broken aureole of dancing light. Before the soothing breath of the breeze, the carolled matins of the birds, and the lingering fragrance of the lilacs, the feverish visions of the night dissolved as before an enchanter's wand. In a fit of sheer ecstasy West had to fling himself on the grass, as if nothing but physical contact could enable him to drink deep enough of the beauty lavished all round him. Lying there he heard a bush rustle, and turning over lazily, found himself confronted by Mrs. Heathcote. He bounded to his feet, and they gazed shyly at one another.

"Your head is better?" he remarked, with a sedate twinkle in his eye.

She nodded brightly.

"The morning," she replied, "has made a headache impossible. But how early you are!"

"I am sorry," he answered, gravely, "to have disturbed your walk. Early rising is one of those vices which I acquired in the East, and I am not yet civilized or young enough to have learned to drop it."

"After that speech," she said, avoiding his quizzing eyes, "you can only pay the penalty of accompanying me." accordingly they rambled off together. West observed that she had discarded her black frock for one of clinging grey, which harmonized to perfection with the fresh tones of her complexion, so piquant a contrast to the sallow brunettes of Paris, and a sprig of lilac thrust with artful carelessness into her bosom supplied the subtle relief in color for which the eye craved.

Their conversation rapidly became confidential. "Do you know," she remarked, thoughtfully, in answer to one of his sardonic aphorisms, "I am going to say something rude—but will you tell me why a hero must also be a cynic?"

"A cynic! Pray explain." His voice rang with a reproachful note.

"Well, you are a cynic; that is to say you value human motives very low."

"On the contrary," he replied, quickly, "I have a high opinion of my fellow-men. Generally speaking, they are at bottom a good deal better than they appear."

"And your fellow-women?" she slipped in, with a mischievous tilt of her parasol. Captain West's face bronzed. "I cannot speak of women," he said, quickly, "I know so little of them."

Mrs. Heathcote stopped to confront him. "Is that quite candid?" she asked, boldly. "I should say that you knew a great deal about them—or fancied that you did."

"Oh, the latter of course," he said, laughing. "'Fancied' is the right word. What man can—"

"There is the cynic," she put in, smiling up at him.

"But really, Mrs. Heathcote, you must admit that—"

"I admit nothing of the sort. You say you take men as you find them.

Why not be equally generous with women? Why insinuate motives when they don't appear?"

"Well, to be candid, because I am convinced that women are so different from men. All my experience——"

"Which you admit is small," she interrupted. Then she flushed. "I am bothering you. It is very extraordinary of me to talk like this; but you will understand, I hope——" She supplied the remainder of the sentence by an eloquent glance.

West was prevented from replying suitably, for at this moment Mrs. Heathcote tripped on a branch which had caught in the bottom of her skirt. She turned aside to wrestle with the offending obstacle.

"I am afraid," she said, with excusable petulance, "I must go back. Walking is impossible with a loop in one's petticoat like that." She looked down comically at the edge of her dress. "I know what you are burning to say," she added, with a provoking side glance,—*"only another proof of the inferiority of the sex."* She shook the delicate pink *ruche* impatiently.

"Cannot I assist you?" he asked, mischievously.

She glanced reprovingly at him. "To get yet another proof of feminine vanity—vanity, as usual, on a silken foundation."

West was searching in his pocket. "Old campaigners," he remarked, "can do most things. Let me relieve you of your silken inferiority." He had whipped out a pair of scissors.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a gay nod, "man, cynical man, can of course provide what woman needs." She stooped down to hold up to him with dainty gravity the pale pink frilling of her silk petticoat. West applied his scissors, and their hands met on the guilty frippery.

He had hardly begun to cut when he felt her start back with a sudden paroxysm of horror. "Good God!" he heard her gasp in a choking whisper which was almost a moan. He dropped the scissors like one shot, and turned to her. Her face was blanched into a

death-like pallor, and she had almost fallen back against the nearest tree.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the brusqueness of genuine fear. She recovered herself with an effort and looked at him, a strangely excited light in her eyes. "That ring!" she panted out, pointing to his left hand. "In heaven's name, where did you get that ring?"

West drew the ring off—a plain signet-ring with a small figure cut on its worn face. "You know it?" he queried, half to himself.

She took it with burning fingers and examined it. The pallor on her face deepened; he could see the pitiful heaving of her bosom.

"Know it!" she repeated with a bitter laugh. "Know it! It was my husband's. In God's name, where did you find it?"

"Your husband's?" he muttered, confusedly. They stared at each other in desperate silence. "It is a strange story," West at last stammered out, "a very strange story." Then slowly, "But I believe I am near the solution now. When you feel better I will tell you all I know; it is not much."

"I am quite calm now," she replied, bravely. And indeed he could not help admiring the magnificence of her self-mastery. Save for the pallor on her cheeks, she was as composed as she had been a brief quarter of an hour before.

"I am sorry to have alarmed you," she said, with the ghost of a smile on her still quivering lips, "but some day you will understand. Women" she added, "after all, I suppose, are different from men. But before we talk, suppose we finish off my skirt."

In that prosaic operation they found the necessary sedative for shattered nerves. Five minutes later, when they emerged on to the Terrace, they were apparently only an ordinary man and woman.

"I am quite ready," she said in a low voice, as she sank into a seat. "But you must promise to conceal nothing—nothing."

"I promise," he replied, "and will be brief. I warn you, though, it is not a

pleasant story." He shifted uneasily on the seat, and then began. "Some six years ago I was in command of the police on our South African frontier." ("South Africa!" she murmured). "One afternoon I had ridden over to the inn in the town—we call them towns, you know—which was my headquarters, and there I came across two strangers. New-comers are always interesting, especially to a police officer, and I can remember them distinctly—I have good reason to. One was a man of about thirty, a loafer if ever there was one, with that sort of face one would not trust round a corner—"

"And the other?" she broke in, eagerly.

The other was rather younger—a gentleman, but—" he paused nervously.

"You promised to tell the truth," she said, reproachfully.

"Well, he looked as if—as if—pardon the expression—he had not been altogether wise in his life. I liked his face, but it was a weak face, and I pitied him for being found in such company as that other rascal was. I noticed particularly two things. He had a slight mole high up on his left cheek—"

She buried her face in her hands. "My husband," she said, with a sob.

"And he was wearing that ring. They rode away together shortly afterwards, and I never saw him again. How, then, did I get the ring? Strangely enough. Some six months later I had news that a farm in my district had been raided, and it was my duty to collar the raiders. These things, you know, don't get into the English papers, and it is well they don't. They would cause complications. When I reached the farm there was not a soul in it, man, woman, or beast. But in the sitting-room I found"—his voice deepened as the memory surged over him—"that loafer, face downwards, in a pool of his own blood. An assegaal had gone through his back and had ended his miserable life. No one knew anything about him, and so we buried him in the farmstead. I made discreet inquiries, but no evidence as to his identity was

forthcoming. The only clue was the ring. I found it on his finger. How he came to have it I can't say: I only know that the last time I had seen it, it had been on the other man's hand. I kept the ring, and told no one. The miserable creature had ended miserably; that assegaal had sent him and his story together into death. I kept the ring, hoping that some day I might meet its real owner, but from that hour to this it has remained with me. I can only suppose that the real owner died or was murdered—who can say?"

Mrs. Heathcote still sat with her face in her hands. "Thank you," she whispered—"thank you."

West was awed. A terrible consciousness of human helplessness in the iron grip of fate had numbed his mind. Presently he was able to add, "I ought perhaps to tell you that I did find something else. In one of the cupboards there was a coat, and in one of its pockets I came across this scrap." He fumbled for his pocket-book and produced the tiny relic of yellow notepaper. "Perhaps I was wrong," he went on, "but of that discovery also I told no one. It confirmed my worst suspicions, for the coat no more than the ring belonged to the dead man. But what was the use of publishing it? And so I kept it with the ring, and can now restore it to the writer."

She had looked up bewildered when he had begun to speak, and she took the soiled morsel mechanically from him. As her eye lighted on it her parched lips moved in pathetic silence. "It was the last letter that I wrote to him," was her brief comment, uttered in the hard voice which sounds most cruelly in a woman. Her eyes told more than her words; they were eloquent of long years of cankering pain and unceasing remorse.

West rose. Delicacy bade him leave her alone with her memories. "I shall make a fool of myself if I stay here," was his uppermost thought. He was slipping away, when she held out a hand.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "Some day you will be glad you kept that—"

that terrible story to yourself. Do not ask me to explain at present—and do not tell my brother yet; he is not so strong as I am, though I am a woman.”

A mad desire to stay and offer her some comfort swept over West. He half turned back. She was sitting with her face still in her hands, and the morning sun played saucily on her hair and neck; but when he saw her fling herself on the seat in a blinding passion of tears, for the first time in his life he fled from a position in which it would have been braver to have stayed. “Well, I am jiggered!” was all he could say, when safe in his own room. “I have known some queer things in my day, but this beats all.” He shook his fist at his face in the glass. “Own up, you fool, you are a damned ass! I don’t know which was worst, in the wood or on that seat—’pon my word, I might be a beastly young sub! I’m hanged if I wouldn’t rather face Maxims or those cursed Boers than— What is there in the woman?” he wound up, beginning to pace up and down. “It is high time, Everard West, you were going.”

Needless to say, having made up his mind to go, he did precisely the opposite. A week later saw him still at St. Germain, getting more and more enmeshed each day. The spring was kind. There followed a series of flawless days; and what happy days they were in that inexhaustible Forest!—days in which they explored haunt after haunt of undreamed-of beauty—days of *al-fresco* picnics, of childish gossip over old, unhappy, far-off things—the forgotten glories of Francis I., Henry II., and Diane de Poitiers, of “Notre Henri Quatre,” of Anne of Austria and the pompous youth of the “Grand Monarque,” of exiled Stuarts learning too late what charity meant; or maybe they lived breathlessly through fights with Afghans and Zulus, through perils in snow-bound mountain-passes, in waterless deserts, or the monotonous veldt, until these peaceful glades were alive with the ghosts of desperate men, and

resounded with the unholy sob of shells and the pitiless crack of Martini.

They had arranged to journey on together to Versailles, but it was not until the evening of their departure that Mrs. Heathcote broke silence on the topic which had brought them together. West and she had strolled out after dinner on to the moonlit Terrace to bid it farewell. But after a few commonplace remarks on the magic panorama slumbering before her, Mrs. Heathcote sat down on the seat, and by a quiet movement of her skirt invited her companion to do likewise.

“I may not get another chance,” she began, calmly; “but I owe you—shall I call it a confession? I have been making up my mind as to how much I should tell you, and have now decided to tell you all.” She stopped as if to gain strength, and West struck in hurriedly:—

“I don’t think you owe me any explanation. Had we not better forget the ring and its story?”

“So I have thought,” she replied; “but no; on the whole, you had better hear. I owe it to myself if not to you.”

West nodded. “You are the best judge,” he remarked, almost to his cigar.

“Let me begin from the beginning, then,” she said. “I was born and brought up in a country rectory in an old-fashioned way. My knowledge of life was absolutely nil: at best it came from sheepish flirtations with a callow curate—every girl, you will say, I suppose, can flirt by the light of nature; at its worst, from the gossip of a few girls as wise as myself. I married my husband when I was a child of eighteen, who knew as much about marriage as any uneducated child of eighteen can.” She stopped to draw her cloak about her with an expressive shiver. The next sentences came with a pathetic rush. “My husband was a mere boy, with much more money than was good for him or for me. Unlike myself, he had been educated on modern methods. We plunged into the whirl of society, and for a time I was

as happy as any girl could be who discovers what wealth and social status can give her. Then came disillusionment. It must come, I suppose, to us all; it came to me when I was but a young wife. No doubt, if I had been brought up differently, I might have accepted my awakening with equanimity. Any way, I didn't. My husband was rich, and he was weak. Worst of all, he was as clay in the hands of every woman who chose to exercise her power; and women, God knows!—some women—can be merciless as well as vicious. We drifted apart; it was my fault—I didn't think so then, but I think so now—for I was too angry to put out a hand to save him. He knew he was—was not what he ought to have been. He loved me after his fashion—that I also believe now, but I didn't believe it then—and— and then he took to drinking. It is the old, old story; there were quarrels, and the breach grew wider. Our differences came to a head. We were both young and hot-tempered, and I had been trained to look on the life he was leading as worse than death. We parted—I returned to my father, and he, after a few solitary months in London, went to the Cape." Her eyes had filled with tears, and she had crumpled up one glove into a tight ball—these were the only signs of what the recital was costing her.

"Before he left," she continued, "he came down to the Rectory—and I let him go. I was mad, drunk with indignation if you will, and I spurned him from my presence. He went; and the rest you know." Her voice had choked. "That ring," she added, drawing it softly from her finger, "had been a present from myself. I had given it him in those happy days of my courtship and girlhood, when love had first come into my life." The wistful cadences of her voice seemed to haunt the air with the balm of moonlight summer nights and lovers' vows. "That scrap of a letter which you found—ah! I am glad he got it, for in it I had asked him to come back, and let the past be forgotten."

She broke off, and turned to him with eyes that awaited his verdict.

Moved by a sudden impulse, he held out his hand. "I am both sorry and glad you have told me," he said, with deep emotion; "sorry to have given you the pain of telling a stranger what he had no right to hear; but glad because"—his voice wavered in spite of himself—"if I honored you before, I honor you still more to-night."

She glanced back at him, the flicker of a happy smile in her pain-stricken eyes, and took his hand. It was as if they had clasped hands over a grave. "It seems so long ago," she went on, presently, "that I can now talk about it calmly. I often wonder whether I am the same woman who went through that terrible ordeal. The past seven years have taught me much—they have taught me to forgive that poor boy all his foolish dissipation; and, thanks to you, I know that he had forgiven me. I was no fit wife for him—believe me, I was not. I ought never to have married him; but, like so many young girls, I mistook mere physical admiration for love. I now see that I never really loved him. If I had, I should have been more forbearing, for the quintessence of a woman's love is the divine gift of charity. Yes, yes," she added, almost impatiently, "it is; and the cruelty of my act lies here. My marriage ruined his life, while it saved mine. It taught me that love is not something which comes to a woman unasked for—that is the view of most girls and some women; but it is hopelessly wrong. Love, like everything else worth having in life, is something you must win. You remember the saying of Milton about the beautiful life and the beautiful poem. Well—love, real love, can only be won by a woman, can only be inspired by a woman, when she makes her life beautiful. Ah! but I mustn't perplex you with my metaphysics—a woman's metaphysics," she added, with a smile. "You have your own creed, have you not? Supposing you go and fetch my brother, and forget all I have been saying."

She rose, still smiling, and the interview was at an end.

But if Everard West was reluctant to leave her before, he was doubly reluctant after that evening. And yet, abuse himself as he might, he could not point to any conclusive reason for staying. Mrs. Heathcote was not beautiful—that is to say, she had eyes whose mystery was inexhaustible, and a voice whose *timbre* had an uncanny way of vibrating long after words had been uttered, but most distinctly she was not beautiful—from the military point of view. West knew a dozen women who in beauty were vastly her superior, to talk to whom, however, he would not have walked across the Terrace. No; it was not her beauty which kept him at her side. But had Captain West been a psychologist, he would have recognized that in reality it was under the spell of character and personality he had fallen. He was only beginning dimly to feel that in a woman, as in a man, mind can be a far more potent wizard than mere beauty of face or body. Her care for her delicate brother; her touching ways with the infants on the Terrace; her child-like purity of thought, shining in every word and look; her virginal daintiness of soul, of which the twist of a ribbon in her hair, the posy of flowers in her belt, the subtle harmonies in her dress, seemed to be the outward and fragrant symbols,—these were what stole with hourly triumph over him. She seemed to move, to think, to have her being in an atmosphere which awed his senses and left him bewildered. Experience of life cannot be too dearly bought—that had been his own creed—and he had seen the world in its most naked and dirtiest aspects. But here was a woman who, like himself, had come into contact with human beings in their vilest phases, who had been forced to drink of sorrow and degradation, and who had come through the ordeal unscathed. Not one speck of mire had soiled even the hem of her robe; she had seen the mud, had walked through the mud, and it had been powerless to hurt her. West had known beautiful

women, clever women, honorable women; he had been intimate with women who were neither beautiful, clever, nor honorable; he had been "in love," as most men, a dozen times; but not until this week had he even dreamed of what reverence for womanhood could mean. It was as if a new sense had suddenly swum into his ken, and had trampled contemptuously on the philosophy which had taken fifteen bitter years to build. And then there would surge over him, as he tossed on his sleepless bed, the hot consciousness that this new light had dawned on himself, who had been—ah! what had he not been?

"May I tell you how glad I am we met you?" she surprised him by remarking one afternoon at Versailles as they had fled from perfunctory tramping through its fatiguing splendors to a seat in the gardens. "My brother has become a different man. I cannot be too grateful for the medicine of your society." Her words touched him to the quick.

"I never know when you are chaffing me," he replied, tilting his straw hat nervously over his eyes.

"That is unkind," she replied, at once. "I meant it sincerely. You have given my brother a new lease of life."

"He is not the only man who has been altered," West boldly rejoined; "I too—"

"Might I not say something about chaffing?" she interrupted. "I thought cynics never altered. Cynicism is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is it not?"

"But why persist in calling me a cynic? Is it quite fair?"

She looked at him in puzzled simplicity. "Perhaps you are right," she said, thoughtfully. "Cynics, after all, are not enigmas, and you are a terrible enigma. Oh yes, you are," smiling down his protest, "and you delight in the fact. What foolishness it is to say women are riddles! It is men who are the riddles. Man, I am sure, is the last riddle that will be solved by woman."

"But how does this apply?"

"Well—pardon my frankness—but I

often wonder what you are going to do with yourself?" The interest in her eyes and voice was unmistakable.

"Do with myself?" he repeated, as if he disliked the idea. "Oh, I suppose do as I did before."

"What! go back to spill more blood in South Africa? If I were you, that is just what I should not do."

"May I hear what you would do?"

"Oh, certainly!" She fiddled with her parasol. "I should retire and—"

"Retire!" he laughed. "Retire and become a fat squire with an uncomfortable past—become a decorous citizen, subscribe to the Primrose League and growl at Democracy—live a life as viciously respectable as was lived in that deplorable monument of impeccable taste." He waved his hand at the façade of the palace, which surveyed them with its chilly glare of self-conscious breeding. "Mrs. Heathcote, if you had lived my life you would know that *that* was impossible. I should be as much out of place in English country life as the Siamese ambassadors were at the Court of Louis XIV."

"Impossible!" she echoed, warmly. "You of all persons to use that phrase, you who have—" He winced, as he always did, at such allusions.

"I retract," he said, slowly. "It might have been possible once; it is no longer so." She was gazing at him questioningly. "I don't think," he replied gently, "you quite understand what I have been. Perhaps I am a riddle, but it's not of my making. There was a time when your ideal was my ideal; but, after fifteen years of cutting throats, it only remains for me to continue cutting the throats that civilization in its own interest says must be cut. You tell me my view of life is all wrong—perhaps it is. I have never told you my story—I couldn't tell you all—but I will confide to you one episode. Have you guessed that I first went to South Africa because of a woman? That was fifteen years ago. I was a young sub, and knew everything. I was engaged to be married—in order to be jilted, I suppose. I was betrayed by a woman

I had loved—vilely betrayed. So I went to South Africa and the devil together—I beg your pardon, I was forgetting. Any way, I had my chance of being domesticated, and I made a mess of it; and since then the women I have met have done nothing to make me alter my verdict on the sex."

He paused, expecting her usual reproaches, but instead she was looking at him with the tenderest sympathy. "I am sorry," she said in a whisper, "very sorry. We women have much to answer for. I had no idea that *that* was your story. Forgive me for having spoken so lightly." A smile broke into her eyes. "The riddle is solved," she said, quickly.

"And, like every bad riddle," he replied, "there is no proper answer."

"Oh no!" she rejoined, warmly. "the answer is yet to come. You simply made the same mistake that I did. You mistook physical admiration for love. Love can only be won."

"By the beautiful life," he interrupted, bitterly. "And my life has been so beautiful."

"Not altogether, I fear," she replied, half sadly. "But you have at least been unselfish—we all know that. Come, be honest, and admit that on that chord of unselfishness you can, if you will, build up the beautiful symphony."

"Ah! if I could only believe you. But I have no sister, as you have your brother, to train myself on. I have no one—no one."

She flushed. "No, not at present, but you can find a woman who would—" She broke off. Was it, West asked himself with a delicious throb, because she could not trust herself?

"And then suppose I made another mistake? All women are not as you are—always saying they ought to be," he added, seeing her troubled look.

"Alas, no! I know that. But, believe me, there are women—" in her eagerness she put a hand on his arm.

He shrank back from her touch. The movement was cruelly pathetic. "No, Mrs. Heathcote," he said, almost fiercely; "your optimism does you

credit, but I am too old to change now. I shall have to go back to South Africa. Men of my life are not made to make any woman happy. If I had married that girl, I should have made her unhappier even than she is to-day. I do not know the woman, unless—" he turned unconsciously towards her.

"See, there is Tom," she said, hurriedly, "waiting for us."

He accepted the reproof humbly. "Forgive me," he said, contritely; "I hardly knew what I was saying."

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied, in a low voice. As they rose he saw her eyelashes sweep her burning cheek, and they were wet with tears.

The next day he marched out into the hotel garden, where she was sitting with her Tauchnitz unread in her lap. He waved a slip of paper.

"I need your advice," he began. "There is trouble in South Africa, and they want me to leave at once. Shall I go?"

She looked up at him and caught a quick breath. "Yes, go," she said; "go with our good wishes."

He bit his moustache. "But yesterday you told me to stay at home."

"I thought," she replied, with a slow smile, "that your experience told you that women were fickle. You surely don't want further proofs."

"Then I must go?" he queried. She nodded, and without a word he went away to pack his things.

When he returned they chattered idly for some minutes. "I am going," he said at last, looking her full in the face, "because you bid me. If I had decided for myself, I should have stayed."

"You are going to South Africa because of a woman," she interposed, lightly.

"You are very cruel," he broke out.

"But you will come back," and she smiled up at him.

"Who knows? Even a Matabelé shoots straight sometimes." Her smile faded away. The grey wings of the grim angel seemed for a moment to throw a shadow of pain across her face. "I want to come back," he went on, "for life is beginning to be worth liv-

ing. May I tell you—in case I should not have another chance—that, thanks to you, I have recovered my belief in women."

She flushed a happy red. "Then I shall look out in the papers," she answered, brightly, "because I shall see the belief in the telegrams."

He lingered. "Life is worth living," he repeated, sadly. "I only wish I had something to live for. May I not hope?" he slipped in, pleadingly. A waiter came out with the unwelcome news that monsieur's *fiacre* was *avancé*.

He held out his hand. "Good-bye!" he muttered, huskily. She gave him her hand in silence and he raised it to his lips. She snatched it back, and then, as if repentant, drew off the signet-ring and handed it to him.

"I may hope, then?" he cried in a joyous burst.

"You will miss your train," was all she said. "*Au revoir!*" and without further words they parted. But as he drove away in the merry sunshine, the ring on his finger long continued to flash back the look of tender trust that had dawned in her moistened eyes.

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE KING OF SIAM.

"Imagination covers truth with her wings, while Charity bedews it with her tears," says Ruskin. And it is certain that truth need not be annihilated in picturing the kingdom of Siam as interesting and attractive in the present and hopeful for the future. A rapid sketch of an absolute monarchy ought to begin with the king. For the king of Siam is not only "Pra Djow yoo hooa" (the Lord over all), but "Djow Cheewitt" (the Lord of Life), and these familiar names for him among the people do not exaggerate his local importance. To every Siamese in the world, and to most Europeans in Indo-China, "the king" is a figure of commanding interest. This

interest never flags among the members of the Siamese colony, which has its headquarters in South Kensington, and it persists among Europeans who may have left Siam, and even severed all connection with the country and the court. When the king arrives in England it will have a revival somewhat enlightening to the many to whom the word Siam now suggests nothing but white elephants, monstrous twins, and, perhaps, a faint memory of a storm in a political teacup in 1893.

His Majesty King Chulalongkorn of Siam, now visiting Europe for the first time, is nearly forty-four. Even now, broken down to some extent by the anxiety and grief of the past four years, he is an attractive and graceful personage, whose special kind of charm has been compared to that of the Stuart kings. It would not be at all surprising if the Siamese monarch had long ago succumbed to the enervating atmosphere of the court life. That he has not done so must lead any one having even a dim conception of what he has lived through since his reign began, nearly twenty-nine years ago, to bewildered pity and not a little admiration. Consider the climate alone. An average shade temperature of 85° during about ten months of the year in Bangkok is accompanied, for at least six or seven of these, by damp so depressing that for many hours of each day the grasshopper is a burden and sustained thought almost impossible. The Siamese recognize the drawbacks of their climate, and they seldom attempt to do anything through the hottest hours of the day. The king sleeps through those hours, reviving again about five o'clock with the sudden coolness of approaching sunset. Cabinet and Court, and, in fact, every Siamese in the land who can do as he pleases, follow the royal example in this; and the Cabinet sittings are held through the night. Even the sturdiest Europeans suffer and degenerate if they persistently forget that life in tropical plains must go slower than at home. Many a tombstone in the Bangkok cemetery, and some nameless graves in the jungles and swamps of the interior, at-

test this fact. A low level of vitality is so inevitable that the common Siamese excuse for non-appearance, "*Mai sabai*" ("Not well"), creates no remark and no special interest. The chances are that the excuse is valid; but, whether or no, what does it signify? In Siam it is quite normal to be ill. And the mental atmosphere surrounding the Siamese king is also stultifying. The inner circle is, of course, entirely feminine. Though nowhere in the world is there more special womanly charm and goodness than in Siam, nowhere is the blighting influence of the clever woman, whose only road to power is through man's lower nature and by the methods of intrigue better exemplified than in Siam. Very little wider is the outlook in the case of the men who immediately surround his Majesty.

As all place or preferment depends on the king, there are few, indeed, in Cabinet or Court who dare or care to present unpleasant truth, the telling of which is so often the test of a friend. One of many pithy Siamese proverbs touches quaintly on this subject in saying, "*Kong mai gnahn, Djow wa gnahn; dong dahm Djow*" ("Things are all wrong, the chief says they are all right; one must agree with the chief"). The popular belief in the king's power is unbounded. When the French gunboats forced an entry to the Menam on July 13, 1893, and, anchoring in the middle of the town, startled the most ignorant native of Bangkok out of his habitual apathy, the first query of the populace was one of incredulous wonder. "Why do the French come? Do they imagine they can fight against Nāi Luang?" When, a fortnight later, the French gunboats *Inconstant*, *Comète* and *Lutin* steamed out of the river to enforce acceptance of the French ultimatum by a blockade of Siamese ports, there was as little real understanding of what had happened. But the revulsion of feeling and the restoration of the old sense of confidence in their sovereign was most touching. "Ah! now it's all right. Djow Cheewitt told the French to go away; and, of course, they had to go!"

One of the subjects of conversation in any group of Siamese nobles, male or female, is always as to who is "in favor" or "out of favor" with the king, the causes thereof, and the probable duration of the state of exaltation or prostration. And this undue consideration of the state of the royal weather is not confined to the Siamese. Many Europeans in Bangkok, of more or less local importance, are as deeply interested in the royal moods as any of the Siamese can be; occasionally, too, as unblushingly frank in their subservience to them. From his earliest babyhood, indeed, the king has lived in the stifling atmosphere of adulation. The royal vocabulary includes special words for everything belonging to him—from his eyebrow and his betel-box to his thoughts, feelings and observations. It has also lengthy proper names and pronouns, which ought always to be used in addressing him.

The king is aware of and regrets many evils and absurdities which he cannot alter at once. He does what he can. He has, by express command, raised all his male subjects on their feet when in his presence; and this alone is a great step; the thin end of a wedge, as it were. The moment you get off the floor and stand on your own legs, you take a different position in every respect. It is probable that in a few more years' time all compulsory crawling, even amongst the women, will be looked on as a symptom of being hopelessly behind the times. At present it is a symbol of the persistence of the feudal system in Siam. This also the enlightened king disapproves of. When quite a child, it saddened him to see how slavery kept the people down, and by an edict issued early in his reign all children of slaves are (theoretically) free, if born after 1868. That even the king's "Daï" ("Be it so") has not rapidly brought that actual freedom to the individual which each must gradually work out for himself, in Siam as elsewhere, is not astonishing, except to those who expect the impossible. Custom lies on us all with a weight deep almost as life, and the people of Siam are

not yet ready for complete freedom. Nor are they, on the whole, unhappy in their vassalage. To quote from a trustworthy publication on this subject: "Domestic slaves in Siam are rather feudal retainers than slaves, in the old West Indian sense. Cruelty is extremely rare, for the Siamese chief is naturally, being a Buddhist, mild and urbane in dealing with his following. . . . People still sell themselves and their families to a wealthy chief, who will pay off their debts, contracted through thriftlessness or gambling."

Laissez-faire is essentially engendered both in masters and servants, not only by the climate but by the religion of the country. In starting any innovation in Siam extreme inaction and unwillingness to resist is always met with. There is a temptation to ascribe this "laziness," which the hustling European complains of so loudly in the Siamese, entirely to the paralyzing effects of centuries of serfdom. It is, however, quite as much due to the Buddhist philosophy, prescribing as it does Nirvana as the highest happiness and non-resistance as the highest law of life. The struggling, pushing and grasping which characterize the modern Anglo-Saxon are outside the ken alike of a good Buddhist's theory and of his practice. Thus the European introducing his schemes into Siam, let such embody reform of public works, of law, education, or what not, ought to have aims and purpose beyond mere money-getting if he hopes to make rapid headway against the resigned indifference inbred by the Buddhist religion in the tropics.

Mention has been made of special griefs and anxieties affecting the king during the last four years. These have been both national and personal. Of the latter, the death of the late crown prince of Siam, Prince Maha Vajirunhis, on January 4, 1895, in his eighteenth year, was a most crushing blow to his father. Great pains had been taken to educate the prince for the important post he was to fill. A first-class honor

¹ Siam: ▲ Geographical Summary. By Mrs. Grindrod.

graduate of Oxford, his private tutor from 1888 to 1894 had devoted unusual powers of body and mind to the young crown prince, with an ardent generosity which has left its mark permanently on the people, although the tutor has quitted Siam forever and the boy is dead. For in those six years a deep interest in European methods of education had been roused not only in the royal father and son, but in several of the king's brothers. And when the Siamese Education Department was organized in 1890, Prince Damrong, its able first minister, set energetically to work to formulate a complete system of national education. Another outcome of this movement was the attempt to give to other members of the royal and princely families some of the benefits of individual training already enjoyed by a few in England, and still fewer in Bangkok. The movement was to be extended to the daughters as well as the sons of princes, with an ultimate hope of reaching the king's own daughters. Two schools were started with the royal approval and support. One, the Rajakumar College, for princes (sons and nephews of the king), was opened primarily in the palace, and a corresponding one for girls was started on the Sunandulaya estate outside. After vicissitudes of more than four years, both these institutions are now comparatively flourishing. The Royal School for Girls in Bangkok is so good an illustration of the king's generosity and openness of mind that a few details of its history are here fitting. The school opened with eight pupils, daughters of leading princes and nobles, in March, 1893. In choosing the teachers who helped to start it, three leading features of the proposed school had to be remembered. These were: (1) Respect for the non-interference with the Buddhist religion; (2) The teaching was to be based on the vernacular; (3) Some technical training was to be included in the curriculum. In the preliminary study of the language and people undertaken by these ladies before leaving England much help had been given by four Siamese girls who had been at school in

England for several years—the only female students whom the Siamese government have sent to Europe. Two of these charming Siamese girls—Maa Chun and Maa Mee—accompanied the three English ladies out to Bangkok in November, 1892, and shared with great courage and devotion all the initiatory struggles. Maa Kum and Maa Sood followed a year later. It is difficult to imagine how the educational seedling could have been firmly rooted, as it is, without the work of these four Siamese girls, whose names will live in the faithful history of Siam.

The initial difficulties were great. Owing to a change in the Ministry of Education, Prince Damrong having been transferred to the Department of the Interior in 1892, there was much obstruction and delay. The annoyances with the French, which culminated in July, 1893, were already absorbing the thoughts of king and Cabinet, and following them, of the royal ladies. There seemed actually to be no desire for the school, except on the part of a few individuals; and for months the original number of eight did not increase. Liberal salaries and a splendid dwelling for the teachers kept their surplus energies from explosion for a time, and they worked and waited, always hoping for more pupils and some personal interest in their efforts from the "inside" of the palace. Many mistakes were made by the first superintendent in her ignorance, and in her eagerness to utilize the short time—the engagement being only for three years. The heavy expense of the school was borne by the king without a murmur, although, from any details that came to his knowledge, it must have seemed to him most futile expenditure during the first two years. But the pupils, though few in number, were all intelligent and even extremely clever girls, mostly destined to be important wives and mothers. The pupils lived day and night in the school, except during holidays, thus coming so rapidly under the English ladies' influence that, nearly a year before their engagements were to end, they felt that the work was worth continuing. Great difficulty was

found, however, in making a new agreement with the minister of education, on such lines as would continue the necessary freedom of the teachers in regard to the internal management of the school; and after eight months of most weary corresponding and interviewing, it seemed as if the school must collapse. At last, within three weeks of the date that should terminate her engagement, it was suggested to the superintendent that she should appeal to the king, who was probably unaware of the actual state of matters. A brief letter was written in Siamese, too hurriedly and eagerly and despairingly to admit of hunting about for polite phrases or veiled truths. After deploring the collapse that seemed imminent, the petitioner reminded his Majesty that many leading educationists in England had been interested in the starting of the school four years previously, and begged the king to consider the question of continuing it, or at least to inspect it personally before condemning.

That the supreme king should be so addressed by a mere foreign woman in the employ of his Education Office must have startled him, and that he responded as he did was probably one of the most delightful surprises that the writer of the letter had ever received. Two days after sending the appeal, and while there was still great uncertainty that it would ever reach the king, came a courteous reply in English, stating his Majesty's intention not only to continue the school, of which he approved, but to visit it himself when he should have leisure to do so. And the same evening came the minister of education to sign formally the long-disputed agreement. A telegram was at once sent to Cambridge, authorizing immediate engagement of two new teachers. The elder, a distinguished London M.A., became superintendent in June, 1896, and under her able management the school is now flourishing. His Majesty kept his promise to visit the school. Before the first superintendent left Bangkok, she had the satisfaction of an inspection visit from both king and queen. Their Majesties spent two

hours amongst the children and a few specially invited guests, charming every one by their graciousness and intelligence. The queen made a capital speech in Siamese, expressing her satisfaction fluently, and promising her warm support.

These two upper class schools in Bangkok are recent efforts. For many years before a number of the king's near relatives have come to Europe for education, and chiefly to England. Oxford has been usually the finishing school for the more ambitious of the Anglo-Siamese students. One of the most promising of all, Mom Rajawong Salyoot, is, however, studying for the Mechanical Sciences Tripos at Cambridge, where also Prince Charoon, a nephew of the king, took a law degree last year. The two oldest sons of the king, Prince Rabee, a graduate in law, and Prince Kitya Kaun, were both at Oxford, and both now hold responsible positions in Bangkok. Prince Rabee, on returning to Siam in 1895, became private secretary to the king, who greatly appreciates the trained capacities of this able and charming young prince. Prince Kitya Kaun is director-general of education, an agreeable innovation, on the whole, for those who have dealings with that department. He married his cousin, the eldest daughter of Prince Dewawongse, and of their little son, his first grandchild, the king is extremely proud.

The present crown prince of Siam is the eldest son of the queen-regent, who heads the government in the absence of the king. The crown prince was studying in England when, on the death of his half-brother, Prince Maha Vajirunhis, he was proclaimed heir to the throne. He is now working with a private tutor in Surrey, and is said to be clever, industrious and thoughtful.

The king's *amour propre* is very strong, and he has a keen sense of the recognition which the world expects a monarch to show, in response to devoted and loyal service. One of the most bitter details of his sufferings during the French invasion in 1893 was his inability to protect his trusty general, Pra

Yaut, from the consequences of rash loyalty: Pra Yaut was in command of a small detachment of Siamese soldiers at a border post on the Mekong River, which, unknown to him, had been ceded to the French by the government in Bangkok. The difficulties and delays of communication in a country without railways, and practically without roads or efficient telegraph service, must here be noted. Pra Yaut, acting under the express orders of his immediate superior officer, determined, with unusual courage and patriotism, to resist the French detachment who came to take over the post; and a skirmish between his soldiers and the French *tirailleurs annamites* took place, in which the French commander, M. Groscurin, was killed by a bullet which struck him through the open verandah of the Anamite house round which the skirmish took place. The French maintained, in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that Groscurin was shot at deliberately in cold blood by Pra Yaut without any provocation, and the trial of Pra Yaut for murder by French judges was one of the concessions wrung from the Siamese by the French blockade of the Menam in July, 1893. The trial took place in Bangkok, and sentence was given in the French Legation-house there in June, 1894, the condemnation of Pra Yaut by his French judges being a foregone conclusion. That Pra Yaut was a patriot in the making is probable; that the bold action which he took in his zeal for the king was in accordance with the military orders he had received is certain; that his condemnation as a murderer was utterly unjust, expert lawyers, both English and French, who defended him in the "Mixed" court in Bangkok, proved conclusively at the time to the unprejudiced; and that he is expiating his cruel sentence nobly, no one who saw the resigned dignity with which he received it from his French judges can doubt. "Vingt années de travaux forcés à Bangkok."

How hideous it sounded in the stifling damp of that June day, the shrieking steam-launches on the river, and garru-

lous crows and crickets in the French Legation-grounds all seeming, in their noisy freedom, to taunt the condemned one. A further piling on of the agony had, indeed, been suggested in the proposal to transport Pra Yaut to the French penal settlement of Poulo Condor, an island off Cochin China. This refinement of cruelty, however, was spared to Pra Yaut and to the king, who stubbornly refused to consent to it. The suffering of the previous year had, indeed, been terrible. It had begun with the night of suspense, July 13, 1893, when the sudden forcible entry of the Menam by the French threw the whole palace into consternation. A bombardment was dreaded; and this might have included the destruction of thousands of women and children. Fear and horror and incredulous wonder were universal. The people seemed to have lost all reason. The police force, never of much account, became utterly disorganized, and theft, violence and murder, both in Bangkok and in the interior, went unpunished. A blind hatred of all "farangs" (Europeans) seized the common people, ignorant, untaught, their absolute faith in the omnipotence of their beloved king rudely shaken for the first time. Europeans were in actual danger in their ordinary daily life. A party of English, including two ladies, rowing in the moonlight in an apparently peaceful "Klong" (one of the many tributary rivers of the great Menam) were startled by the sudden descent in their midst of a heavy brick. It had been thrown from the jungly banks, probably by some timid peasant in blind anger at foreign foes. Such incidents were at that time of almost daily occurrence in Bangkok. The king was completely prostrated for a long time from the effects of the many blows to his pride and patriotism. That he finally recovered, and is now visiting the Europe that menaced him, eager to learn and willing to forgive, is proof both of strength and magnanimity.

From this visit to Europe, in improved health, his intelligence and experience sharpened by daily contact with stimulating novelty, great things may result.

We have a "chiel amang us takin' notes" with the cautious and humorous observation of the clever Oriental. Very little of that which passes before him will escape the king's notice. Let those who surround him, European and Siamese, look to it that the king has at least a glimpse of the dark as well as of the bright side of European civilization. If he could see by some flash of inspiration the degraded conditions under which so many millions live in civilized England, and realize how necessary an adjunct some of these conditions are to the dazzling polish of "society," would he be eager to transplant our customs to Siam, without counting the cost? Serfdom lingers openly in Siam; but there the poor man is never hungry and seldom discontented or vicious. Polygamy is legal; but no woman is outcast if faithful to her best feelings, and monstrous inhumanity to children is almost unknown. Alas! that all such evils should thickly crowd in the wake of much that is named "civilization."

B. A. SMITH.

From *La Espana Moderna*.

PEREZ GALDOS AND PEREDA IN THE
SPANISH ACADEMY.

If any one not familiar with the works of Pérez Galdós should read his introductory address to the Spanish Academy, and by means of this essay try to imagine the literary personality of the great novelist, it is certain that the representation thereby formed would be as different from the reality as the grotesque figures reflected in convex or concave glasses are from the original objects.

In fact, this discourse is, perhaps, among all the writings of Galdós, the one which has the least personal stamp of the author and is the least like his own work. It lacks spontaneity and, at times, appears almost forced. It would seem as if the merits and defects of the literary work of the author of "*Angel Guerra*" had been inverted in this dis-

course. What most preponderates and offers a wide mark to the public is just what is least noted in the "*Episodios*," and in "*Las Novelas españolas contemporáneas*," and, on the other hand, the conditions that have gained such general and legitimate applause for these works, are the very ones that seem dead and insipid in the academic oration.

To be more explicit, Galdós, in the long series of creations of his strong and fruitful literary fantasy, has never paid excessive attention to beautifying his manner of writing nor to tempering it to the canons of the pure and classic Spanish so famous in our Golden Age. But, strangely enough, this very quality which is lacking in his most celebrated novels predominates in his discourse, written with all the rhetorical correction and elegance that an academic document demands. On the other hand, that in which the principal beauty of his works consists, the vigorous and plastic evocation of the reality, the original and fecund vein of the various representations of life, the abundance of ideas and the facile and novel way of expressing them, are what we most miss in this discourse.

Probably this rare inversion is due to academic mediation. Given the power of custom, it is strange that an eminently literary man, whose reputation does not need official consecration and cannot be increased in the slightest by the academic medal, should, nevertheless, desire to enter the Academy and even accept the humble part of a postulate, like Zola, who has already called twenty times at the door of the immortals and is still in the mood to go on knocking. Galdós has not been obliged to pass this annoying novitiate, and I do not believe that he, nor any other Spanish writer of his reputation, would show the patient constancy of the author of "*La Terre*," if it were not for the pleasure of renouncing the distinction once obtained, and returning immediately all the rebuffs. It is true that in France, republic as it is, the prestige of tinsel is greater than with us. The cassock of the Academy, the cross, even the ferule of an official of Public In-

sacration, has there an importance not recognized here, or, at least, not confessed. After all, the prestige of the Academy is impressed upon its neophytes, and the case is rare of a Sellés who enters that mansion intoning a beautiful and careless hymn of independence.

Señor Pérez Galdós has not the academic temperament, but whether courtesy towards his companions or respect for the learned corporation, as the Academy is generally called, has caused him to give it the due measure of solemnity, no one knows; but of this contrast between his temperament and his desire was born the discourse.

Thus does not mean that the entrance essays to the Academy necessarily demand a *capitis diminutio* of the literary faculties of their authors. Neither in treating of genius not academic is this proposition axiomatic. But in the case of Galdós, who is very retiring, in fact, almost a recluse, the disparity between his own theory and practice and the academic type of literature has led him, perhaps, to mentally exaggerate the restrictions of the latter; to imagine the Academy a species of ogre ready to devour with its indignation whoever dares oppose its traditions or break away from its decrees. In his manifest desire not to be lacking in any way before the house, the great novelist appears like a clever and brilliant man who finds himself suddenly among people whom he wishes to please, but whose tastes and opinions are unknown to him; and who limits himself to generalities instead of giving free play to his original and sparkling conversation.

In this address may be noted vacillation, force, self-contradiction. It has all the appearance of a work dictated by the force of circumstances.

In the first place, it does not carry out the idea suggested by the theme. No one who knows the works of Galdós, could doubt that in debating on "Present Society as Material for Novels," the author of "The Episodes" would have made a delightful sociological study if he had not been writing his introductory essay to the Spanish Academy.

In his address he handles this interesting subject as if it were a live coal. He, such a connoisseur of the novel and such a masterly delineator of contemporary society has indeed allowed himself to make some timely observations, like those relating to the actual middle class, but the greater part of his discourse is only a new edition of the hackneyed disquisitions on the lack of collective ideals or the principles of unity of our time, with the inevitable variations on moral and æsthetic confusion.

This is the philosophy of history, and, as if that were not enough, the philosophy of contemporaneous history. But, then, this has all been repeated so many times. In my student days they talked of this. Then they said that we were in a transition period, and were wavering between old principles near dissolution and new ones still in embryo. We knew not where we were, nor where the evils, each greater than the other, originated. There existed, even in that time, not so far distant, a vague Hegelism, and, on the other hand, Max Nordau was not known in Spain or France, where he has since become so popular by means of translations, nor probably in his own country. Perhaps he was also a student and occupied himself more with beer and Gretchens and students' quarrels than with the ulcers of modern society.

Now the "period of transition" has passed to the limbo of old formulas, and in its place we have "the evil of the century," "the dawn of civilization" and similar phrases prettier and more expressive, perhaps, but no more celebrated nor popular than was that in its day.

Even in the eulogy of Don Leon Galindo Vera, his predecessor in the Academy, Señor Galdós made the same deviations. Indeed, having eulogized Don Galindo de Vera at all seems almost like an unfortunate joke. Not that Galindo was not a man of merit; on the contrary, he was a conscientious lawyer, author of a minute commentary on mortgage laws, which is still largely studied and of which many editions have been made. Moreover, he was a

good writer of Spanish, principally in a grammatical sense. But his talent has nothing in common with that of the author of "Fortunata and Jacinta." It is entirely different. When Galdós writes that Galindo knew how to give a form of undeniable beauty to questions of law, there is no alternative but to consider this eulogy a joke. I do not know whether the noted author of "La Desheredada" (The Disinherited) is familiar with the mortgage laws,—he is not a novelist, obliged to devote himself to such reading, unless for some exceptional case,—but if, by chance, he should study them, he would surely find out that this legal monument, so often consulted when it was first published, and representing still to many the height of legal attainment, can not be a work of undeniable beauty, no matter how much it may be praised, for Don Galindo, although a good lawyer and a good writer, was not a Papiniani nor a Savigny.

However, the details of the eulogy to Señor Galindo Vera matter little; this part of the academic discourse is secondary. In France it is entirely different, for there the new member of the corporation is obliged to make an oration upon the academician whose seat he has taken.

The worst of it is, that when Pérez Galdós unrolls the subject of his discourse, he limits himself to expounding some general truths and comes to the conclusion that the lack of the elements of unity favors literary florescence; from which he deduces the fact that there is much that is false in what is called the "Legend of the Golden Age."

This is open to discussion. Surely, in treating of deeds, historical experience, and not dialectics, should be called upon to decide the case; for in questions of this sort, the "must be" of philosophic deduction does not take precedence, but the "it is so," of historic deeds. It is probable that if a minute investigation could show clearly whether or not there are in cultivated society the firm elements of unity, it would not have great influence upon the development and

worth of its literature, although it would certainly affect its character and the variety and intensity of its forms and subjects. But in all former times when the elements of unity have predominated, as now when they are in decadence, literature has had something of autonomy, of individuality, of revolutionism which tries to emancipate itself from exterior control; hence, it is not rare to observe great daring in letters in periods when liberty was greatly restricted and authority not only vigorous and respected, but even arbitrary and despotic.

As to the Golden Age, it is doubtful whether the historical revision to which Señor Galdós alludes would reduce it to the category of mere legends. What erudition has made and can still make clear is that there were bad writers in the golden ages, just as there are in every age, and that all writers were not Cervantes nor Quevedos. But the existence of certain periods during which the florescence of letters has been greater than in others is undoubted.

It is an historic fact that does not require any other confirmation than the remembrance that, in those centuries (which are not necessarily chronological centuries) there lived and wrote the most famous authors of a definite national literature, and that the masterpieces produced during those periods were far superior in quantity and quality to those which the literary history of the anterior and succeeding epochs shows. What may be discussed is the explanation of this historical phenomenon, or the theories relating to the Golden Age; although it is not strange that literature, like other manifestations of human activity subject to biological laws, should have, after its period of adolescence, full maturity and florescence, the decadence which is analogous to the old age of human beings.

Be this as it may, the last part of Señor Galdós' discourse, referring to the Golden Ages, shows clearly that however great may have been his desire to please his companions in presumed immortality, the author of "Nazarín" has

not yet reached the point of abdicating his independent judgment. In all the discourse there is a mixture of timidity and daring, and it is doubtless owing to this fact that the essay seems more like a sketch than a finished work.

Señor Menéndez Pelayo's reply to Señor Pérez Galdós, is a good study of the latter considered as a novelist. The impartiality with which the illustrious critic judges a thesis so opposed to his own views is worthy of praise, especially as he recognizes the independence of æsthetic standards as applied to the religious and moral judgment which such a work deserves, according to the beliefs of those who appreciate it from this point of view.

The place in the history of the modern novel, which Señor Pérez Galdós holds is most justly indicated by Señor Menéndez Pelayo. His opinion that the work of Galdós, as a novelist, can only be compared, in contemporaneous literature, to Balzac's "Comédie Humaine"—and I should add to Zola's "Rougon Macquart"—is well grounded. With the exception of these writers, there is not in modern literature a novelist who can compare with Galdós in the richness and variety of his creations; and as to his execution few surpass him.

But what most injures him, as well as the majority of Spanish writers, especially writers of fiction, is that he has as his scene of action, merely one corner of the earth. The "Rougon Macquart" have a circulation throughout all civilized countries, not because the French language is almost universal, but because France and French customs interest the international public. In Galdós' work, no matter how exact and dramatic may be his representation of the private life of the Spain of our time, the affair is of local interest, that is to say, of national interest. Although there may be many foreign translations of Señor Galdós' novels, he cannot have the European celebrity that a French, English or German writer of his literary ability would surely have obtained.

Señor Menéndez Pelayo points out three periods or three styles in the work

of the great Spanish novelist. The first that of the "National Episodes;" the second that of "Doña Perfecta," "Gloria," "Marianela," and "La familia de Leon Roch;" the third that which begins with "La Desheredada." Nevertheless, the author of "The History of Æsthetic Ideas," admits that in "Angel Guerra" there is begun a new period, not yet finished, in Galdós' novels.

In my opinion, this may be considered as a fourth period in which the novelist has wished to attempt various new forms, but I believe that it begins with "La Incognita" and "Realidad," in which the author, presenting the two phases, external and internal, of the same action, achieves the so-called *novela novelesca* (novel-like novel) and the psychological novel at the same time. He continues with "Angel Guerra," "Nazarín" and "Halma;" these last two novels represent a new style of Galdós' writings, even if they may not be considered as his most important works. In reality, the period from "Fortunata and Jacinta" to "Angel Guerra" may be called the culmination of the realistic work of Pérez Galdós, and these two novels are, perhaps, the most finished and perfect that he has written.

The address of Señor Pereda, whose reception followed shortly after that of Señor Pérez Galdós, turns upon the regional novel (*la novela regional*). The illustrious author of "Sotileza" defines this kind of novel as one whose plot is developed in a province or village that has its own life and character, its distinct and proper coloring which enter into the work as the principal part of it. From the opinions given in the address, one infers that the *regional novel* is almost always a rural novel, with the popular customs, and that it is characteristic of it to give great importance to the landscape.

For lack of space I shall not attempt to criticise the opinions of Señor Pereda regarding regionalism in general. I believe that it is more a question of facts than theories. Where the local feelings are deeply rooted it is not easy to over-

come them, but it is more difficult to create and extend them beyond their natural limit, because they are in a great measure the remains of a historic state which has died out, and whose resurrection is hardly possible judging by the sociological data that we have to-day.

The principal European countries are composed of various districts, just as Spain is,—small states that have had an independent life at one time. The fusion has been more rapid in some countries than in others; France being the one in which a vigorous idea of national unity first appeared, to which fact, perhaps, our neighbor owes the preponderance which it enjoyed for so long a time and the resistance which it has offered in dangerous crises in its history. In Spain there are many proofs, some of which are as sad as the parts taken by local sentiment in the political class during the civil wars of this century, showing that there is still much to be desired in the way of national union in our country.

The regionalism, to which Señor Pereda refers, is not of this class. Love of one's own country and affection for its customs and places are not to be censured, but in practical life this tendency has been mingled with declarations of exclusiveness and local egoism, which have made people look with more distrust than confidence upon regionalism; although it may be only just to distinguish the exact class of which he treats before attempting to judge it.

As to the historic antecedents of the regional novel in Spain, it is very doubtful if there can be granted to this, as Señor Pereda wishes, the writ of successor to what Alemán, Hurtado de Mendoza, Quevedo and Cervantes himself, and many other ingenious chroniclers of *picardía* (roguery) cultivated.

Our typical novel, *la novela picaresca* (the rogue story) was not a regional novel, as Señor Pereda appears to understand it; that is, a rustic novel of country customs; it was, on the contrary, a novel of city life, and could not be anything else. The rogues (*Pícaros*) who were its leading characters had

their fields of action in the populous cities, not in the country. There they lived, fleeing from pursuit, or hastening to new cities to practise their arts. The vagabond is urban,—a parasitic being who clings to the centres of life, to the great nuclei of population, and not to the country where elements for his subsistence are lacking.

The regional novel, cultivated as marvelously as Señor Pereda knows how to cultivate it, will produce, without doubt, beautiful creations, but the *regionalism* in it will be a mere incident, and will have only the value of an accessory contributing to the action, and will be simply local color. The action of "*Sotileza*," placed as it is in an Andalusian landscape, would not have lost in any way if this landscape had been painted by Señor Pereda in Cantabria. The local individualism is secondary.

In a novel the human is the principal element. The natural way in which the events are unfolded can be greatly varied by a good writer, according to circumstances, but the beauties of landscape belong to so-called descriptive poetry rather than to the novel. Therefore, when the new academician says in his address that the "regional novel has more points of unity with nature than with society and with the eternity of art rather than with the human artifice of circumstances," he expresses, according to my judgment, mistaken opinions.

In the novel, nature, in the sense in which, doubtless, Señor Pereda uses this word, cannot be of more importance than the characters.

The novelist, like the historian, is a narrator—a painter, if you wish—of human experiences. In his stories, human passions and feelings must surely predominate over mountains and valleys, trees and waves, which are very beautiful, but which lack spiritual life, and even significance and reality if there is not a human eye to behold them. Even though they are gazed upon with rapture and all their beauty deeply appreciated, this in itself is not sufficient to give body to a novel, although it may afford a great addition to the brightness

and animation of the picture. It is the background of the painting, but the figures also are needed.

In a fiery declamation against foreign influence or foreign imitation, Señor Pereda gives one of his reasons for preferring the regional novel. It is, according to his opinion, purely Spanish, because the foreign manners and customs which belong to the great cities have not yet penetrated the country.

Señor Pereda's ideas have almost always a conventional appearance. He does well to inveigh against *foreignism*, but, the very persons who applaud his ideas of reform will go on dressing like the English and eating French dishes, reading foreign books and doing all in their power to scandalize the illustrious author of "Peñas Arriba," whose leadership they will not follow. To do this would be more logical and more reasonable than to concede too much importance to the dangers of that imitation which to-day is so universally practised.

No civilized country lives in isolation, nor has ever lived in it, although international communication at present may be more continuous, owing to the discoveries which have drawn all lands together, obliterating even distance.

The desire to become familiar with the life of other countries and to assimilate the good that may be in it, instead of secluding one's self among one's tribe, is a part of our modern civilization.

All countries study and copy each other more or less. Even bull fights have become alien and take out naturalization papers in foreign countries. But in what part of the globe, except in China, do people use and abuse the commonplace arguments against the imitation of foreign ideas and customs as they do here in Spain? One would think that other countries remained shut up in their shells, like mollusks, and that we alone felt cosmopolitan curiosity and took our benefits wherever fortune presented them; like the lawyer-poet of the plagiarists.

It would be lamentable if we had to copy as much as they say we do, not on account of the copying itself, but for

the cause, because of our backwardness, of our lack of that original progress which would have made us worthy of being models and not mere copyists. With all that has been said of our eager desire to imitate foreign things, it is very probable that in the end we may be one of those countries that participate the least in the universal communication of ideas and customs.

The dangers of imitation are not really to be feared. No country can become foreign while it preserves the conditions of its own life. The adventitious elements will not be assimilated, they will be merely superficial and will only exercise a light and secondary influence upon it. And what it does absorb and appropriate, it will mark with the stamp of its own individuality. If a country should lead to-day a life of isolation, people would suppose that it intended a collective suicide, and had a desire to take up a retrogressive march, a march whose ending could only be compared to the state of those two eminently traditional countries, Turkey and Morocco. If a choice were to be made between abolishing the Pyrenees or the Straits of Gibraltar, it would be better for us to abolish the Pyrenees. But this is not necessary; in order to live in communication with the world and within contemporaneous civilization, a country need not sacrifice its character nor its originality, which must not consist, however, of an ardent desire to resuscitate the sixteenth century at the end of the nineteenth.

Translated from the LIVING AGE from the Spanish of E. Gomez Baquero by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

From The Scottish Review.
NEW LIGHT ON BURNS.¹

To the centenary of the death of Robert Burns we owe some notable

¹ The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers. Revised by William Wallace. 4 Vols. Edinburgh. 1896.

The Poetry of Robert Burns. Edited by William Ernest Henley and Thomas F. Henderson. 4 Vols. Edinburgh. 1896.

additions to Burns literature. When the descriptive illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition held in Glasgow last summer is completed, there will be available to the student, as a direct product of the centenary, a hitherto undreamt of corpus of Burnsiana, in the best acceptation of the term. To the querulous query of the uninterested or half-interested man—"What possible new light can be thrown on the poet, whose life and work have for a hundred years been subjected to scrutiny of unparalleled closeness?" no answer should be required but the contents of the volumes before us. There we learn, from innumerable revisions, corrections, and fresh facts, how little of really valid labor has hitherto been spent on Burns, how neglected has been the study of his origins, and how necessary it was to put on record the best-informed estimate formed by the present generation of the life and works of Burns, and of his place in literature. Though the myth which envisages Scotland's greatest son as a drunken gauger, uncultured, and a singer by accident, has almost disappeared from this country, gross ignorance of the truth about both his conduct and his education still remains to be sapped, as is shown by the example of the poet-laureate, mourning—and not to be comforted—over the blindness of Scotsmen to their hero's faults. Inquisitiveness and the craving for novelty are ever creating new myths. Mr. Wallace has demolished a few of these concerning the poet himself, Jean Armour, and Mary Campbell. If Messrs. Henley and Henderson have evolved one of their own in the statement that Burns "was the satirist and singer of a parish," it is positively harmless in its unverisimilitude, and is not noted here in disparagement of the valuable services the editors of "The Centenary Burns" have rendered to the cause of historical truth, especially in regard to what the poet actually wrote. What new light, then, has been thrown recently on Burns? Briefly stated, this: Mr. William Wallace, editor of the new "Chambers," besides accumulating a vast amount of notes and fresh informa-

tion about the life, the poems, and the letters, has at a stroke justified the world's refusal to disavow the life from the works of Burns by the essay in which he exhibits the poet's conscious moral reconstruction of his career, vindicates his conduct, not merely from the artistic but also from the ethical standpoint, and holds him up to admiration as poet, prophet, and man, as one whose management of the business of his life, rightly regarded, is no less morally helpful to those who can understand it than his poetry has been, and is auxiliary to the progress of the human race, in manners as well as in thought. The editors of "The Centenary Burns" have set before themselves the production of a perfect text and a sufficient bibliographical history, and the investigation of the "origins" of the poet, mainly in respect of the form of his writings, and their work as a whole redounds to the credit of their literary instinct, scholarship, and industry. In their account and collation of the available manuscripts they have accomplished a task which has long awaited a competent doer, and their text will stand till—the day when all the Burns manuscripts in the world are collected in one room, and submitted to the judgment of an ideal jury of experts.

For the two reasons that "The Centenary Burns" is not yet complete—only three volumes out of four having been issued—and that what is new in it cannot be properly qualified, save summarily in the space at disposal, this article must be confined mainly to an account of the new "Chambers." Mr. Wallace's revision of the work of Robert Chambers amounts to a complete reconstruction of the whole book, save only the original plan and structure, and even that has been modified in parts. He has utilized the whole mass of Burns literature that has come into existence since Chambers's day, as well as materials and suggestions for further enquiry left by his predecessor, and has pursued many original lines of investigation bearing on the poet's character and doings, and the personalities of his friends and subjects. The value of his

several contributions to knowledge will be differently assessed by different classes of people. Mr. Quiller Couch, for instance, objects to being told the local tradition of the origin of "Mary Morrison," while very many not unlettered persons will welcome all the details that have been gathered about the actual Mary Morrison, who is buried in Mauchline churchyard, none the less heartily that Mr. Wallace successfully assails the myth that this "adjutant's daughter" was the heroine of that purest gem of song. Most students—all Scotch ones—will hold Mr. Wallace's multiplicity of detail justified—(1), by the theory of criticism which disdains no help to the understanding of the circumstances in which literature arose; and (2), by his theory of the ethical work of the biography of Burns, presented "warts and all."

Students of life and letters, however, will turn with greatest interest to the effort the new editor of "Chambers" has made to "place" Burns, the man and poet, in relation to humanity and his own environment in the one regard, and in the other to his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors among the "makers." The ancestry of the poet is traced with a perspicacity and completeness never before attempted in Burns biography. Mr. Wallace does not put the Celtic derivation of the Burnesses altogether out of court, but he demolishes the legend of Walter Campbell of Burn-house, as "Thrummy Cap" told it, by proving its anachronisms, and simply characterizes the whole Celtic tradition as "an attempt to account for the origin of a name in a certain district—the Mearns—a century after its first recorded occurrence there." It is exceedingly improbable that the editor has left anything to be discovered about the Jacobitism of the poet's ancestors, of which he was not a little sentimentally vain. The genealogy on the male side is revised and corrected, the evidence for and against the famous attribution of Jacobitism to the "forefathers," which Gilbert, playing as it were at cross purposes, so lamely disputed, is clearly stated. For the first time, also, detailed

proof is offered of the correctness of Burns's belief that he came of Covenanting stock on his mother's side; the family-tree of the Brouns in Ayrshire—springing from the Bruce's day—is exhibited with the same fidelity as that of the Burnesses of the Mearns.

Save for a number of new facts about the poet's residence in Irvine, the revised "Chambers" adds little to our knowledge of the first, comparatively pure and sober, twenty-five years of the life. When we come, however, to the Mossiel period, the epoch of the "Epistle to John Goldie," "The Twa Herds," etc., Mr. Wallace presents us with a lucid general statement—at once full and concise—of Burns's theological position:—

A man of Burns's temperament, born in the middle of that (the eighteenth) century, was almost bound to combine rationalism in theology with a genuine religious sentiment. It is unnecessary to search very particularly in his actual theological environment for the origins of his religion. He had the same bias in reasoning—towards materialism, empiricism, "common sense,"—as most of the leading intellects of the age.

Again, after briefly summarizing the controversy between Old and New Lights, and showing that it was William Burnes himself who brought his son under the spell of the New Lights, and placing proper stress upon the effect which transference from the pastoral care of "D'rymple mild" to that of "Daddy" Auld must have wrought on the ardent spirit of the young poet, he proceeds:—

It would be a mistake to try to trace any very close connection between the thought of Burns, so far as it was dogmatic, and the doctrines held by the New Light ministers who took the young farmer by the hand, and eulogized the satires which he wrote for their side. The doctrine preached by Auld, Russell and their kind disgusted him; but his polemic against them was purely negative and destructive. . . . The consciousness of the living presence of God in nature was always stronger in him than any theory of redemption. An intellectual sceptic, he was not really interested in theological dogma, though

moral and emotional causes preserved in him certain relics of more or less interdependent doctrines.

These sentences exhibit the results of a careful and conscientious study of Burns's theological environment. In text and appendix we have a précis of the principal religious documents that are known to have influenced the poet—"Goudie's Bible," William Burnes's "Manual;" the most important writings of Dr. Dalrymple and Dr. M'Gill of Ayr; and a full and interesting account of the petty and protracted quarrel between Gavin Hamilton and the kirk-session of Mauchline.

Equally searching is the light which is here thrown upon Burns's relations to Jean Armour and the mystery of Mary Campbell, neither of which topics can by a right reader of the man and poet be allowed to be classed under the category of "Chatter about Harriet." Mr. Wallace is forced to admit that the date of Burns's attachment to Highland Mary, and several of the circumstances connected with it "are still, to a great extent, enveloped in mystery;" also that "her story, as here given, is based on, and pieced from, various traditions, and cannot be regarded as a portion of the absolutely authentic history of Burns." In what respect then, does he leave the matter different from the state in which he found it? Well, it is something that in an authoritative biography it should be plainly stated that the identification of the Mary of Burns's poesy with Mary Campbell, who was born at Auchamore, Dunoon, and is buried at Greenock, rests solely on tradition. And it is more that the sequence of the events in this mysterious mess of love-entanglements should be as clearly stated as it is here. It was in the spring of 1786 that the poet gave Jean Armour the acknowledgement of their union, which old Armour straightway caused to be mutilated, and which Mr. Wallace, following Dr. Edgar, doubts if a court would have recognized as constituting an irregular marriage. In March Jean took refuge in Paisley. Burns, disgusted with her conduct, and intent on matrimony, turned to Mary, nurse in Gavin Hamil-

ton's family; their intimacy "ripened into love;" and in May they parted, she to go home to the Highlands for a short time, to arrange for her marriage. He had made up his mind to emigrate in order to make a living for Jean; he now persevered in his project for the purpose of providing for his wife-to-be, Mary Campbell. Yet, as Mr. Wallace, founding on documentary proof, coldly puts it, "within a very few weeks after his parting from her, we find him, in a letter to a friend, speaking of Jean as still holding sway over his affections." Short indeed was the blossoming time of Burns's "white rose," that "grew up and bloomed in the midst of his passion-flowers." However, we must pass from dates and their sequelæ, to note that Mr. Wallace will not allow that the Paisley incident in Jean Armour's life offered the slightest foundation for R. L. Stevenson's slander of her as a "facile and empty-headed girl;" and that by a beautiful catena of reasoning from facts which he has himself to a large extent unearthed, he demolishes the "strong presumption," which Mr. George A. Altken, editor of the third "Aldine," fathered, that Mary Campbell, instead of being a "white rose" was a very tarnished flower indeed, worthy the rude attentions of Adam Armour and his rough mates; and further disposes effectively of the secondary, but equally ugly "Highland Mary" myth founded on Joseph Train's manuscript notes of what John Richmond told "a Mr. Grierson." It is not the least of Mr. Wallace's services to the Burns cult that, while vindicating the "dear, departed shade," he does justice to the character of the poet's faithful, magnanimous and honorable helpmeet, who was "always his warmest defender," and made his married life happy and morally remunerative.

Turn we now to the Edinburgh episode. Stevenson, with that local patriotism which he could never shake off, spoke of the "Edinburgh magnates" who patronized Burns. Carlyle took a truer measure of the literary society of the Scottish capital at the end of the eighteenth century. The editor of the

new "Chambers" has rightly restated the relation between Burns and his patrons thus:—

The period was, however, the evening of the first heyday of Edinburgh letters. A few years before, Burns would perhaps have found an even warmer welcome and a more just appreciation; he would certainly have met at least one man intellectually his peer in the Select Society and the Poker Club. But David Hume had in 1786, been dead half a score of years; Lord Kames was gone, and the majority of their more or less brilliant contemporaries were long past their prime. Adam Smith was too ill to see Burns. William Robertson had only seven years to live; Tytler and Lord Hailes even less. It was, in short, the interregnum between Hume and Scott. Burns himself was the man of the age. It strikes us of this day as almost ludicrous that he should have been patronized by men of the undoubted though second-rate capacity of Dugald Stewart, Hugh Blair, and Henry Mackenzie.

Again, summing up the testimony as to Burns's conduct in Edinburgh, Mr. Wallace says:—

He saw from the first that his reputation, so far as society in Edinburgh was concerned, must be evanescent, and he acted accordingly. His second commonplace Book proves that he measured himself deliberately against the men he met. He perceived his own superiority to them in natural force; he did not repine at their better fortune. It is morally certain that had Burns visited Edinburgh in the days of the literary supremacy of Scott and Jeffrey, a vigorous and successful effort would have been made to secure for him a position which would have permitted free exercise of his extraordinary faculty. . . . Burns, however, asked nothing from his Edinburgh friends; when they helped him to a farm and a position in the Excise, believing, as they apparently did, that they were thereby gratifying his own wishes he made no complaint, but cheerfully prepared himself for the necessarily uncongenial career which alone appeared open to him.

Burns was but twenty-seven years of age when he came to Edinburgh from Ayrshire. Of few men of warm temperament and exceptionally endowed by nature with those strong passions which are the sources at once of selfishness and unself-

ishness, can it be said with truth that "the battle between the flesh and the spirit" which ends in the ruin or the consolidation of character had been fought out so early in life. His sociable temperament, his eager willingness to observe all sorts and conditions of men, inevitably led him into "scenes of life," the survey of which meant the enlargement of experience, but not—at least immediately—the enrichment of motive. But it is as certain that he never lost command of himself, amidst the Crochallan festivities, as that he acquitted himself with modesty and manliness at the tables of professors and senators of the College of Justice.

Mr. Wallace's revision of the Edinburgh episode is thorough and broad. He has pursued every incident of it—the *Clarinda liaison*, the Masonic bardship, the tours, the flirtations, the relations with Creech, etc.—with the pertinacity of a sleuthhound. It is impossible to go into details here, but students of Burns will be grateful for many misconceptions removed, many mysteries as to dates cleared up, and generally for the numerous vivid touches he has introduced into Chambers's generally accurate picture of the poet as he lived and moved at this period.

Equally valuable is the reconstruction of the Ellisland epoch. There is no stick or stone left of the house that Burns built on the farm which he described as "the very riddlings of creation." As the Rev. Richard Simpson, minister of Dunscore, who is the authority on the history and topography of the district, testifies, those who protest against the rebuilding of the present farmhouse as desecration of the roof-tree of Burns, are more than eighty years too late, and even the famous window with its inscription is of more than doubtful authenticity. Mr. Wallace presents us with a picturesque description of Ellisland, and—what is of even greater interest—he brings the tenant of 1788–1791 into at least geographical touch with others whose memories are rooted in Dunscore. Thus:—

Its glens are steeped in the story of the War of Independence—of Wallace, of Bruce, and of Bruce's friend and "mak siccar" lieutenant, Kilpatrick, to whose

family Ellisland once belonged. The hillsides of Dunscore recall the more recent memories of the Covenanters. The tower of Lag, the prototype of Redgauntlet Castle, and the home of Sir Robert Grierson, "the persecutor," whose name was more feared and hated in Galloway than that of John Graham himself, still stands in one of the glens. . . . Travelling up the valley, we come to Thornhill, with Tynron Doon, recalling the memories of the Ettrick Shepherd, Drumlanrig Castle, etc.

The extreme eastern point of Dunscore parish is Ellisland; the extreme western point in Craigenputtock, looking out on the moors of Galloway, where Carlyle wrote "Sartor Resartus" and his essay on Burns. It was on the slopes of Craigenputtock Hill that Carlyle, conversing with Emerson, put the Iliad of "this mysterious mankind" into a nutshell—"Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence."

On this epoch of the poet's existence, as on all the others, a vast amount of editorial labor has been spent. On point of research, pure and simple, there is nothing more valuable in any of the four portly volumes than the results displayed of a fresh investigation into Burns's connection with the "London newsmen." Peter Stuart, the pioneer of Metropolitan journalism, tried to secure the poet as a paid contributor to his newly-established *Star* in 1788. Burns refused enrolment, but sent contributions, including the ode on Mrs. Oswald, the "Ode to the Departed Regency-Bill," and probably also the (prose) "Address of the Scottish distillers to the Right Honble. William Pitt." He called the *Star* "a blasphemous party newspaper." He helped to justify the description by a satire he sent to it on the "solemn farce of pageant mummery," the public thanksgiving for the recovery of the king. This production, unearthed now from the files of the *Star*, is dated, Kilmar-nock, April 30th, and takes the form of a psalm, said to have been composed for and sung on the occasion.

Burns's note to Stuart, of April, 1789: "Your polite exculpation of me in your paper was enough," has not hitherto

been understood. It referred to an episode in his connection with the *Star*, which is explicated in the new "Chambers" for the first time. In March, 1789, Stuart, in the pleasant polemical manner of the day, struck a blow at that eminent Pittite, the Duchess of Gordon, by publishing a set of coarsish verses about her, which, "a correspondent assured him," were from the pen of Burns, describing her Grace's performance at an Edinburgh ball. Burns hastened to repudiate the whole thing. The *Gazetteer* had copied from the *Star* a still more disrespectful stanza to the duchess. Burns denied the authorship, with heat, in both journals, and it was doubtless for the "exculpation" from "The two most damning crimes of which, as a man and as a poet, I could have been guilty—ingratitude and stupidity," that he thanked Stuart in April. Henley and Henderson in "The Centenary Burns," having evidently not pursued their researches far enough, accept the duchess pasquinade as genuine, although internal evidence is convincing against its authenticity. The most interesting discovery, however, which Mr. Wallace chronicles in connection with the affair is this note, which the editor of the *Gazetteer* appends to Burns's letter:—

Mr. Burns will do right in directing his petulance to the proper delinquent, the printer of the *Star*, from which paper the stanza was literally copied into the *Gazetteer*. We can assure him, however, for his comfort, that the Duchess of Gordon acquits him both of the ingratitude and the dulness. She has, with much difficulty, discovered that the *jeu d'esprit* was written by the Right Honorable the Treasurer of the Navy, on her Grace's dancing at a ball given by the Earl of Findlater; this has been found out by the industry and penetration of Lord Fife. The lines are certainly not so dull as Mr. Burns insinuates, and we fear he is jealous of the poetical talents of his rival, Mr. Dundas.

Burns, as everybody knows, hated the Dundases because Robert, the solicitor-general, slighted his poem on the death of the lord president. We have not here absolute proof that the skit on the gay

Gordon was written by Henry Dundas, "the great dispenser of patronage," or that, even if it were, he had anything to do with the attribution of the lines to the "ploughing poet," but one cannot help suspecting that in this piece of literary horseplay there is a clue—if only it could be followed up—to the neglect which Burns suffered at the hands of Dundas and his compeers.

We must, however, take leave of the particulars which the editor of the new "Chambers" has added to Burnsiana, merely noting the illumination he throws on the origin of "Scots wha hae," as thus: "Under cover of a fourteenth-century battle song he (Burns) was really liberating his soul against the Tory tyranny that was opposing liberty at home and abroad, and, moreover, striking at the comfort of his own fire-side;" the wealth of biographical, bibliographical, and linguistic information he has collected about "Tam o' Shanter," "Auld Glen," "A man's a man for a' that," etc., and the tracing of such allusions as "the daring path Spinoza trod." And at least a word of commendation is due to the editor's scathing analysis of the Globe Inn and other malignant legends; to the great mass of valuable notes he has collected, including the identification of every individual, contemporary or historical, mentioned in the poems; and to the vast improvement he has made in the glossary. The indexes are exceptionally complete, indeed unique in their reach and peculiarity.

As has been said, the work of Messrs. Henley and Henderson is still incomplete. At present we can only indicate, by means of one or two details, the quality of it. The text of "The Centenary Burns" is as excellent as the typography in which it is displayed is beautiful; it has been compiled after collation of as many manuscripts as research and industry could command, and of the various "authors' editions;" and, to the great profit and pleasure of scholars, the source of every reading adopted is plainly stated in the notes, along with the various readings rejected by the editors—rejected, we may

add, in every case that we have tested, with correct taste and nice appreciation of language. There is little that is new in the notes as to facts or persons. Their special worth lies in the precision and fulness with which they trace the history of the poems in manuscript and print, and in the originality of the results they body forth of investigation into the "origins" of the poetical forms used by Burns. One could wish that the editors had put otherwise the motive of these annotations, whose purpose, they say, is "to emphasize the theory that Burns, for all his exhibition of some modern tendencies, was not the founder of a dynasty, but the heir to a flourishing tradition, and the last of an ancient line; that he is demonstrably the outcome of an environment, and not in any but the narrowest sense the unnatural birth of Poesy and Time, which he is sometimes held to be. However, an editor must be allowed his theory, and Messrs. Henley and Henderson's bold and uncompromising assertion of theirs is welcome as an antidote to the theory of the "Common Burnsie" who, in more or less mythical form, is their *bête noir*. Only, their prefatory statement that their notes are meant to emphasize their theory offers a needless, and, it must be said, a risky challenge to criticism. Three volumes of "The Centenary Burns" are now before the world, and presumably the editors have brought forward the bulk of their proofs. These are extensive, scholarly, the fruit of learned and critical research. They stand by themselves without the support of any preconceived theory whatever. Do they demonstrate Messrs. Henley and Henderson's proposition or propositions? Unquestionably they do—up to a certain point. They prove—what was not disputed—that "Burns was the heir to a flourishing tradition, and the last of an ancient line," that he "derives from a numerous ancestry;" but they do not prove that he was "not the founder of a dynasty," and, rightly interpreted, they do not minimize his "modern tendencies." They prove that Burns borrowed not only form but matter from his Scotch predecessors,

that he wrote in their manner, on subjects similar to theirs, but not that he looked at the world as any one of them did. In short, while emphasizing the debt Burns owed to his "forebears," they also unwillingly emphasize the gulf that separates him from the best as well as the last of them—which gulf is made not only by genius (for Dunbar had genius too), but by modernity.

No poet, not even Shakespeare, has been so minutely, lovingly studied as Burns. No editor has ever approached the text in so truly critical a spirit or treated it in so scholarly and classical a fashion as Messrs. Henley and Henderson. It is impossible to convey in a brief notice an adequate impression either of the bulk or of the quality of their work. Take for example their treatment of "The Kirk's Alarm." Their note embraces a summary of the M'Gill persecution, which is a model of conciseness and completeness, and an account of the production of the poem, to which they contribute a quotation from the unpublished Dunlop manuscripts at Lochryan: "I have just sketched the following ballad, and as usual send the first rough draft to you." Their "study of the origin" is as follows: "This copy (Mrs. Dunlop's) was originally entitled "The Kirk's Lament," a ballad: Tune, "Push about the Brisk Bowl;" but in the manuscript Lament is deleted for Alarm. Probably, therefore, the idea of the burlesque was suggested by a certain broadside, "The Church of Scotland's Lamentation concerning the setting up of Plays and Comedies, March, 1715," the work of an anonymous writer, of which there is a copy in the Roxburghe Collection." Then they describe the various manuscripts and versions, including the broadside published in 1789 with the title "The Ayrshire Garland," an excellent new song: tune, "The Vicar and Moses," of which Mr. Craibe Angus is the proud possessor of the only copy known to exist. Burns's tunes do not, it seems, fit the verses. The stave of "The Kirk's Alarm" was used in Pitcairne's "Roundell on Sir Robert Sibbald," 1686, and by Congreve, and

was popular in England throughout the eighteenth century. But "as a matter of fact "The Kirk's Alarm" was modelled directly on a political squib which appeared in the *Glasgow Mercury*, December 23-30, 1788, and was current at least six months before Burns wrote his first draft." This is admirable work. It is the kind of critical editing that the student has long desired, and it is free from all suspicion of a straining of the facts to suit the editors' theory. But too high praise cannot be accorded to Messrs. Henley and Henderson's studies of origins throughout. Thus the six-line stave in rime couée, built on two rhymes, of the "Address to the Deil," is traced from the work of the first-known troubadour, William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Guenne (1071-1127), through Hilary, a Paris monk of the twelfth century, through an anonymous English love-song of the thirteenth century, through the "York Plays" and the "Towneley Mysteries" of the fifteenth century, down to its first use by a Scotsman, Sir David Lyndesay. So by Fergusson's time it had "become the common inheritance of all such Scotsmen as could rhyme." Again, the metrical structure of "The Holy Fair" is traced back to the thirteenth century romance of "Sir Tristrem," and "docked of the bob-wheel, that never-failing device of the mediæval craftsman, the "Sir Tristrem" stave is identical with one which, imitated from a monkish-Latin original, was popular all through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and long afterwards." Burns himself avowedly derived the metre of the "Epistle to Davie" from Montgomerie. Messrs. Henley and Henderson ascribe to Montgomerie, with the utmost probability, the invention of this peculiar quatorzain; they trace its history to Ramsay's revival of it in "The Vision," and elsewhere, and claim it as exclusively Scottish, both in derivation and in use. In like manner they trace back "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile" to Hamilton of Gilbertfield's (1665?-1757) "Last Dying Words of Bonny Heck."

To revert to the famous theory, what do Messrs. Henley and Henderson make of "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Jolly Beggars?" Do these works of genius help to prove or disprove that Burns was the last expression of the old Scots world and the outcome of an environment *plus* Scots forebears, rather than a pioneer in poetry, a prophet with a distinct point of view from his predecessors? Well, the "Centenary" edition does not attempt to derive "Tam o' Shanter" at all. Of "The Jolly Beggars" it says frankly: "The Burns of this 'puissant and splendid production,' as Matthew Arnold calls it—this irresistible presentation of humanity caught in the act, and summarized forever in the terms of art—comes into line with divers poets of repute, from our own Dekker and John Fletcher to the singer of *les Gueux* (1813) and "Le Vieux Vagabond" (1830), and approves himself their master in the matter of such qualities as humor, vision, lyrical potency, descriptive style, and the faculty of swift, dramatic presentation, to a purpose that may not be gainsaid." Does not that give away the whole case? The poet of "The Jolly Beggars" was neither the satirist and singer of a parish, nor the product of a local or traditional environment, ever so many forebears aiding. He imitated, copied, and stole much; that is proved to the hilt, and never more conclusively or completely than here. But when an attempt is made to place him in the hierarchy of literature, his imitative work must be assigned its proper, recognized value, and that which he invented (in the widest sense of the term, including form and point of view) must be taken as the decisive evidence of distinction. But the note on "The Jolly Beggars" is in itself a monument of knowledge of the literature of mendicancy and knavery, and will be precious to all time.

It is in the third volume, recently published, that Messrs. Henley and Henderson are most successful, as they were bound to be, in proving Burns to be the last expression of the old Scots world, although their theory unquestionably

leads them to exaggerate a little his debt to his "nameless forebears," and to minimize, by ever so little, the broad distinction between him and the writers of the songs which he "passed through the mint of his mind." It is not easy to see how they can prove—and they do not attempt it—that the master-qualities of "fresh and taking simplicity, of vigor and directness, and happy and humorous ease," came to Burns from his nameless forebears, along with "much of the thought, the romance, and the sentiment, for which we read and love him." But theory apart, students are deeply indebted for the study in the origins of Burns's songs which is here presented to them. The editors have utilized a vast mass of material which previous editors have but skimmed—broad-sides, chap-books, rare song-books, the great collections of David Herd, including the British Museum manuscripts, even "The Merry Muses," an invaluable guide, rightly used. The Lochryan manuscripts, embracing unpublished letters of Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, have furnished them with a number of interesting facts, such as the poet's explicit statement that "Sweet Afton" was written for Johnson's *Musical Museum* as a "compliment" to the "small river Afton that flows into the Nith, near New Cumnock, which has some charming wild romantic scenery on its banks." Their treatment of Burns's inheritance from the clandestine literature of Scotland, and of England too, is excellent. The poet's relations with Johnson and Thomson are carefully and accurately set forth, and sufficient proof is furnished from his correspondence in the Hastie manuscripts, and from certain manuscript material in the possession of Mr. George Gray, Rutherglen, that he was virtually editor of the *Museum* from 1787 till his health began to fail. The Thomson songs are justly placed on a lower level than those which he passed through the mint to Johnson, though one may fairly demur to the sweeping criticism that "they are often vapid in sentiment and artificial in effect."

A good example of the editing of a

song is the note on "M'Pherson's Farewell." The Herd set is traced to an old broadside—"The Last Words of James Macpherson, Murderer," with the corollary—"That it is excellent drama that has bred the ridiculous tradition—devoutly accepted by certain editors—that the hero wrote it." And Peter Buchan's copy is declared to be a clumsy vamp from Burns and the original. Take, again, the note on "Up in the Morning Early." D'Urfe's authorship of the original ballad is not assailed, though doubt is cast upon it by the existence of a set in a "Collection of Old Ballads" (London, 1723), described as "said to have been written in the time of James." Hogg and Motherwell's "well known song" is said to be a vamp from Burns, and Burns's chorus at least is clearly traced to its immediate source in a hitherto unknown set in the Herd manuscript. We have remarked the discovery which settles the ancient controversy about "Afton Water." But these are mere tastings of an inimitable

and invaluable body of contributions to the critical appreciation of Burns's song-writing. "Under his hand," say Messrs. Henley and Henderson, "a patch-work of catch-words became a living song. He would take you two fragments of different epochs, select the best from each, and treat the matter of his choice in such a style that it is hard to know where its components end and begin; so that nothing is certain about his result except that it is a work of art. Or he would capture a wandering old refrain, adjust it to his own conditions, and so renew its lyrical interest and significance that it seems to live its true life for the first time on his lips." Their own work supplies, for the first time, sufficient detailed evidence of the truth of that scarcely original thesis. There are errors of taste in the "Centenary Burns," but these and some slips in accuracy apart, it stands forth as the classical edition of the poetry of Robert Burns.

JAMES DAVIDSON.

A Queer Friendship.—While visiting in Herefordshire last week I noticed a curious instance of a wild duck having become on friendly terms with a pair of wood pigeons. As I had never heard of such a thing before, I venture to send you an account of the circumstances. A pair of domesticated wild ducks were brought up on a pond last year, and during the winter the duck was accidentally shot by some one. The mallard remained on the pond, but seemed very unhappy, and used to fly around repeatedly, as if looking for his mate. Some two months ago the mallard was frequently seen to be flying around in company with one or two wood pigeons, and would accompany them to the surrounding fields and walk about with them while they fed. Every now and then it would take a flight with them when they rose.

The wood pigeons have established themselves in an oak tree overhanging the pond, and are evidently going to nest there. They have been seen to start off on a flight from the tree, and the mallard would at once rise from the pond and join them, when they would fly round and chase one another as if in play. The wood pigeons frequently visit the garden close by, and have lately been observed feeding on some green peas which are growing there. The mallard walks about the garden with them. At the bottom of the garden is a stone wall about three feet high, with a broad, flat top, and the wood pigeons frequently fly from the garden and perch on the wall; the mallard has been seen to do the same, waddling about on the wall and seeming on the best possible terms with them.—*The Field*.

